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THE MIRROR

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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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THE November number of the *Valley Magazine*, which has just made its appearance, presents a fine literary repast to fastidious readers. The list of contributors includes such well-known writers as John H. Raftery, Charles M. Kurtz, Edwin L. Sabin, T. K. Hedrick, Will A. Page, Frances Porcher, William Marion Reedy, Countess Annie de Montaigu and Francis A. House. The *Valley Magazine* may be bought at all news stands, at five cents a copy. The price of yearly subscription is fifty cents. So far as strength and originality of contents is concerned, it has no equal.

LESSONS OF THE ELECTIONS

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY

If it had not been for Theodore Roosevelt, and if the Democrats had been at all organized on any one issue, the Democracy would have swept the country last Tuesday. The returns make that fact clear at first glance. The coal strike, of itself, was enough to have defeated the Republicans, and that it did not do so was due entirely to the initiative of Mr. Roosevelt. The result of the elections, Nationally, makes it plain that the Republican managers cannot turn down Mr. Roosevelt in the next convention of their party.

There is a deeply, dismal silence emanating from the neighborhood of Mr. William Jennings Bryan. There is no comfort for him in the returns. Neither is there solace for David B. Hill, who tried to carry New York by making a bid for the Socialistic vote with the plank calling for nationalization of the coal mines. Both these leaders appear to have been put out of business by the vote of last Tuesday, even though the reduced Republican majorities show what the Democracy can do when "fighting on its back" and without any issue, for it cannot be said that the Democrats made an effective issue of the tariff and the trusts.

There is enough of rebuke in the popular vote of the country to show that the people are not wholly satisfied with the prosperity which now afflicts the country—a prosperity largely confined to the fellows at the top of the heap. There was, however, just enough distrust of the financial policies of the Democrats to prevent the masses of the people giving the party full swing in Congress. The lesson of the election for the Democrats is that they can only win by getting together on some issue that shall not be in any way complicated with the silver heresy of 1896 and 1900. The lesson of the election for the Republicans is that they must do something to the tariff and against the trusts or they will be swamped in 1904, and, of course, the party managers must know that the only hope of anything being done lies in the courageous convictions of Theodore Roosevelt. The Dutch have captured Holland and not by any enthusiastically satisfactory majority at that. So much for the election in its National aspect.



Missouri has gone Democratic. That was to have been expected in the light of the damphoolishness of the Republicans of this State. They had a chance to win by the fusion trick, but they fell out over that, and the result of the split was an apathy upon the part of the workers that kept them away from the polls. Then, too, the Republicans made a crazy issue of the Democratic administration of the State finances. They made wild charges and did not prove them. They said that funds had disappeared and those funds were found intact. They attacked the State administration upon its strong point, its honesty, and they were beaten by the plain facts at every turn. The Republicans displayed no tact, no generalship. They tied themselves up with the most thoroughly discredited, traitorous elements of the Democracy, and thus impugned the honesty of their own courses and contentions. They cried fraud before any fraud could have

been committed, and they practically conceded their defeat before they went to the polls. The Democrats, as a consequence, won the State handily, even though they, too, were somewhat apathetic. If the Republicans had had any political sense whatever they might have made a better showing, but they simply threw their game away and woke up, Wednesday morning, to find that instead of having two Congressmen from this State they have only the one which the Democrats gave them through a considerate gerrymander. The Republican party in Missouri comes out of the conflict of 1902 thoroughly humiliated. It has shown itself devoid of leaders, and destitute of both principles and courage. It must be reorganized if it is ever again to cherish the fairest hope of "redeeming the State." It must get rid of both Kerens and Akins, and find new men who will look out for something other than the Federal patronage.



Missouri's going Democratic will send William Joel Stone to the United States Senate. It will place him well up among the probabilities for the next Democratic nomination for President. He is not the man to neglect the opportunity thus presented.

But be it remembered that there is another Missourian with his eye on the Presidency and his name is David Rowland Francis. Francis is close to the Dockery organization and to the Wells and Folk regime in the city of St. Louis and his position as head of the World's Fair enterprise puts him in touch with the higher politics of every State in the Union. It will be well to watch the immediate future of Mr. Francis.



St. Louis has gone Democratic by a good majority, as the MIRROR advised and predicted. There was no other way for the city to go. The Democrats stood upon the record of the Wells administration, that spoke for itself. They pointed to things done, to reforms actually accomplished, and said that if they were given full control of the city they would do more and better in every department of government. There was no getting away from this logic of common sense.

The Republicans cry fraud. The cry is a fake in so far as it implies wholesale fraud. The fact is that the Republicans put up no fight as an organization and the members of the party did not go to the polls. They had no faith in their own candidates and they did appreciate the force of the Democratic presentation of the good work done by the Wells administration and Circuit Attorney Folk. The decent public opinion of the city was in favor of Democratic success and that assured the victory, although this fact is not to be considered as detracting in the least from the value to the party of the constructive leadership of President Hawes of the Jefferson Club. It was a Hawes campaign and it was an effective one, and though the Republicans may howl and yowl about repeating and padded registration they cannot evade the conclusion that they were outclassed as to ticket, as to platform and as to leadership.

The best proof that the cry of fraud is overdone is found in the votes piled up by Zachritz and Talty for Circuit Judges, and by George B. Sidener for Court of Correction Judge. They got the votes of the labor

people. They were strongly indorsed by the unions. Their votes were counted. It is said by some organs that Zachritz, Talty and Sidener got the votes of the Butler repeaters. If they did, they would have been elected, not defeated, for they certainly would have won with their party vote, the union labor vote and the "Indian" vote. The cry of fraud won't hold water in the face of such a straightforward presentation of the case.

The Meriwether vote, which many believed was large enough to have elected that gentleman Mayor in 1901, but for the fine work of the men who kept tally at the polls, almost completely disappeared last Tuesday. Why? In the first place, because Mr. Meriwether's dickerings with both Democratic and Republican bosses for the sale of his party convinced many of his followers that he was not to be trusted. In the second place, the Democratic declaration in favor of municipal ownership of public utilities, with proof that the Democrats meant what they said, satisfied all sincere advocates of municipal ownership. Meriwetherism may be said finally to have been completely eliminated from St. Louis politics, and that's "good riddance to bad rubbish."

James J. Butler has been re-elected to Congress for the long and short term, although he was fought by the *Globe-Democrat*, the *Republic*, the *Post-Dispatch* and the *Star*. He was supported only by the *MIRROR*. Was Butler stuffed in? It does not seem so. He was supported by both Democrats and Republicans in the wards of his district. His opponents had made practically no campaign. Again, there was much sympathy for "the boy" because he was used as a club to beat his father with. He was fought because he did not join in the cry to send his father to the penitentiary. He was attacked because his father was indicted. Those methods of campaigning naturally reacted, and this reaction was intensified in his favor by the circumstance that an exceptionally good local tick:t helped to carry him with the tide. Mr. Butler's victory is a big one. It was won against the most powerful influences, against the press and the open opposition of such men as Mayor Wells and Circuit Attorney Folk. The result in Mr. Butler's case may or may not be an intimation to Mr. Folk that his public functions in this community for the future must consist in prosecuting alleged violators of the law and not in persecuting their families. Their might have been a better nominee in the Twelfth District than Mr. Butler, but there was not, and, in any event, Mr. Butler's triumph shows that there are quite a number of people who may approve of Mr. Folk as a prosecutor of boodlers, but do not like him as a man who dictates how they shall vote on election day.

Charles F. Joy's defeat in the Eleventh district was simply an uprising of the labor vote in favor of John T. Hunt in a laboring man's district.

The Democrats have the city in every department. It is up to them to make good their promises now, as they have done for the past two years. They have elected good men to every office. The keeping of the campaign promises should be easy. They need not worry about the cry of fraud. The wide range of majorities for the different candidates disproves any wide spread systematic padding or repeating.



WHAT has become of Tom L. Johnson? He is buried out of sight under the returns from Ohio, with Mark Hanna and John R. McLean squatting leeringly on the mournful mound. Alas, for Tom! Alas, for the Single Tax!

The Mirror

REFLECTIONS

For 1904

THE Democrats will elect the next President of the United States on a platform of tariff revision—if they can get rid of their lunacies of the last two campaigns.



Wrong and Evil

Is every wrong an evil? William Dean Howells does not think so. He seems to entertain a refreshingly optimistic, good-natured opinion of the wrong-doer. The wrong, he intimates, is, in most cases, a blessing in disguise. A close studying of history, and a pondering of the origin and consequences of every act that is commonly assumed to have amounted to a wrong, will not bear out the assertion that wrong is necessarily evil. The annals of mankind are full of crime in all its hideous forms. They tell us that man went through all sorts of stages: barbarism, wealth, vice, corruption and despotism. Every century can point to a fine galaxy of grievous wrongs, cruel wars, assassinations, revolutions and what not, and yet man has progressed and bettered himself all along and in every conceivable way. Every step backward which originated in the commission of a wrong has always been followed by a dozen steps forward. The great cosmos does not concern itself with the commission of wrong. As Mr. Howells well says, "in the moral world as in the material world, Nature takes care of the wrong done; she softly covers it up, transmutes it, turns it even to use and beauty, not for the doer indeed, and usually not for the victim, but for the race. It would not be flattering to our spiritual pride to inquire how much of what we suppose the sum of human good is the far results of human error." A wrong is evil only from the standpoint of human ethics. From the cosmic standpoint it is a mere, infinitesimally trifling incident. The individual wrong-doer commits an evil act, and his conscience tells him so, especially if the act originated in envy, spite or hate. He wrongs himself and his neighbor and society in general. But Nature never fails to step in, to apply the remedy, and to convert the ethically evil act into a germ of good. In the physical and moral world there is no retrogression. Nature does not permit anything to interfere with her workings. The cosmic forces are forever overcoming the chaotic. And so we must arrive at the conclusion that there is "good in everything."



The Horse Show as a Symptom

THE horse show at the Coliseum, this week, is a big event in every way. It is a triumph of excellent management in every detail, whether the occasion be looked upon in its aspect as a social function, or viewed as an exhibit of the grace and beauty in usefulness of that noble animal, the horse. The exhibit of horse flesh is the best the West has known, and the showing made by owners is, indeed, gratifying to the genuine horse-fancier. But, to the uninitiated in "horseology," the most pleasing feature of the exhibition is the manner in which the people of this community have responded to the efforts of the management to interest them in the show. The attendance has been phenomenal, and the people have taken pains to do their best to make the gathering a splendid display of elegance. There can be no doubt that never before has there been such a turn out of the people who are naturally looked to for the support of such affairs. But a brief glance at the assemblages on Monday and Tuesday evenings convinced the most heedless observer that the people of the swell set had

outdone themselves in their preparations to make the event a striking one. There must have been many fortunes expended with the dressmakers and milliners alone, and to the honor of those artists, it must be said, that they turned out some "confections" which would do credit to their fellow workers in the world's centers of fashion. The success of the Horse Show is really inspiring. It is another testimony to the fact that there has been a general awakening in St. Louis, that the people here are getting into more intimate sympathy with the modern idea, that those who have money are under obligation to spend it for the delectation of their fellow citizens and under an especial obligation to see that no worthy enterprise projected for public amusement or instruction shall fail for lack of patronage. It is hardly necessary to say, that the Horse Show has been managed this year with a more effective skill than has ever before been shown. The gentlemen in charge started out to arouse public interest and they succeeded almost beyond their expectations. They appealed to the sense of civic pride and in the course of a few weeks made everyone feel that the failure of the Horse Show would be a sort of reflection upon the city. The management cannot be too highly complimented upon its work. Without invidious distinction it may be said, that the credit cannot be too generously bestowed upon Mr. Orthwein, Mr. Lacey Crawford, Mr. Bryan Snyder and Mr. John R. Gentry. Their work and that of their associates is a matter of enthusiastic, approving comment all over the city. Projectors of other exhibitions, dependent upon public patronage, in the near future, would do well to study the methods that have wrought the success of the Horse Show. They will find therein the way to make this good old city of St. Louis a city of big events. They will find therein the secret of the way to get St. Louisans out of their shells and into the habit of living in accordance with metropolitan conceptions of the best manner of getting the most out of life without recourse to excesses. The Horse Show's success is, in itself, a strong symptom that the New St. Louis has arrived and that the day of small things has passed for us, never to return.



Wars and Their Results

PRESIDENT JORDAN, of Leland Stanford (Jr.) University, states an old truth when he says in one of his recently published essays, that "the death of the strong is a true cause of the decline of nations." Great wars, with their inevitable waste of the best of a nation's life, have long been known to lead, ultimately, to mental, moral and physical decay. Rome, Spain and France are frequently cited as cases in point. The birth-rate of France is declining at an alarming ratio. But for the influx of foreign elements, French statistics would be recording decreases in population right along. As it is, the annual gain is alarmingly small; it is out of all proportion to that of Germany, Italy and Russia. The principal cause of this decadence of reproductive vitality must be sought for in the protracted campaigns of Napoleon the First, which played havoc with France's flower of manhood. The French soldier of the present day is noted for his diminutive stature. The War Office has found itself compelled to reduce measure requirements. The physical decay of France can hardly be doubted any longer. Whether there has been an equal decline in intellectual life cannot so readily be determined, however, unless we are disposed to consider certain neurotic, hysterical tendencies in French literary activity as symptoms of degeneration. The gradual disappearance of the martial spirit is, unquestionably, an-

other result of physical decay, but it is something that will evoke no regret. It seems that, through a most ironical trick of nature, great wars and consequential physical degeneration lead, in the end, to love of peace. And so it cannot be said that the spilling of human gore has no compensating feature, even if it is not a very pleasant one.



"Free Zone" Agitation

THE "Free Zone" idea of the St. Louis Credit Men's Association is all right. It is in accord with the spirit of the times. An adoption of it would benefit the community immensely. It would increase trade and the importance of St. Louis as a distributing point. Some of the local financiers are opposed to this proposition, which calls for a clearing of out-of-town checks, coming in from points comprised within the "Free Zone" to be established, without discount, but they will, undoubtedly, think better of it after a while, and come to the conclusion that by foregoing pecuniary profits in one direction they will be able to more than recoup themselves in another. The "Free Zone" should and will be established. Let the Credit Men keep up their free-check-clearing propaganda.



President Eliot's Errors

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, appears to be running a-muck these days. He doesn't approve of the public schools, of the churches, of the State or of anything else, except, possibly, President Eliot, of Harvard. In particular, this learned man finds fault with religion as too emotional. But if religion be not emotional what can it be? There is no such thing as an intellectual religion. Religion flourishes on feeling rather than upon reason. Education can never make up to man what religion gives him. President Eliot says, that religion being on the decline, education must take its place. But President Eliot speaks not by the facts. There is as much religion as there ever was in the world. People do not make quite so much over their faiths as they used to, but they have the religious feeling all the deeper, in that they do not make so much parade of it before their neighbors. President Eliot preaches the gospel of work, and says that the Bible has hurt the world by representing, in "the story of the fall," in the very first chapter, that labor is a curse to mankind. His gospel is good, but his argument is bad. For some thousands of years, that passage about earning one's bread in the sweat of his brow has been in the Bible, but it has not had the effect of putting a stop to work in the Christian world. President Eliot is a great man and a good man, but he imagines a vain thing if he thinks that education is going to supplant religion as a motive force for morality in this world, or that it can ever, by any means, bring to the hearts and souls of men that solace of contentment that comes from the teachings of the Nazarene.



Dreamers' Talk

At his installation as rector of St. Andrews University, Andrew Carnegie, the well-known *litterateur* and steel and iron metaphysician, unbosomed himself with a remarkable oratorical abandon. His inaugural address fairly bristled with quotations from "Empire and Business," and profoundly philosophical reflections on "Das Ding an Sich" in finance and commerce. Andrew Carnegie selected a noble theme for a noble purpose, but made the mistake of talking "shop." Besides, his remarks will have just as much effect as had the voice in the wilderness. There is not the least possi-

bility that the German Emperor will ponder the advice that "Andy" gave him in reference to preparations for defensive and offensive warfare against the United States. William II has too much hard common sense to delude himself with the notion that France, Germany and Russia could be induced to look with favor upon any plan having for its object the formation of a United Confederacy of Europe. There has, in the last few years, been a good deal of dreamy talk about a European coalition. Carnegie has merely reiterated Count Goluchowski's gurglings about an American invasion, and the necessity of repulsing it with combined forces. There is, at the present time, absolutely no prospect of a materialization of the Utopian dream of a European Confederacy. The nations of the Old World are not ready for the adoption of coalition measures. They are still too much divided by race, language and religious differences. And there are several who cannot stop licking old sores, and are only too anxious to "get even" at the first opportunity that may present itself. The Goluchowskis, the Novikoffs and the Carnegies have fine, splendid dreams, but dreams are dreams, and nothing more. Talk of a "parliament of nations" in Europe, of concerted action against America, and all that sort of thing, is mere wind-jamming and fantastical maundering. Carnegie should stop gushing and tickling the vanity of potentates, and devote himself to more practical things. There are still a few cities in the United States that are without a Carnegie library.



A Study in Paleontology

SILVER is once more selling at the lowest price on record, but W. J. B. continues to rave over the beauties of sixteen-to-one in the science of finance. There is nothing that can down this man of one idea. He is the "limit" in fossilism in politics. Paleontologists are greatly excited at present on account of the discovery of the skull of the prehistoric "Lansing man" in Kansas. They should be able to make a richer and more interesting find in Lincoln, Neb. There could be nothing more prehistoric than W. J. B. and his financial obscurantism.



To Some Anonymous Critics

For the rankest sort of indecency commend me to the people who are always patting themselves upon the back for their own decency. The editor of the *MIRROR* is impelled to the above remark by the receipt of some half hundred anonymous and scurrilous letters attacking him for his support of the Democratic ticket in this city. If it is decent or if the cause of decency in politics, or in anything else, is advanced by the writing of anonymous letters of a filthily abusive character, the editor of the *MIRROR* is much mistaken. In his opinion the anonymous letter-writer is several degrees lower in the social scale than the election "Indian" or the police court "grafter." So far as the *MIRROR*'s support of the Democratic ticket is concerned, there is but one reason to be assigned for it. That is that the Democratic ticket was, on the whole, the better ticket. So far as concerns the support of Mr. James J. Butler for Congress, there is to say that whatever may be, or may have been, the faults of that candidate, he comes nearer to representing the political principles of the editor of this paper, on National issues, than his opponent, and if Mr. James J. Butler stands by his father against all the world, it is not in the heart or the head of the editor of this paper to deem that course reprehensible. We certainly do not expect a young man to join in the hue-and-cry against his father, no

matter what may be the basis of the clamor. Young Mr. Butler, in this matter, has acted only as a human being, and all right-thinking persons must so conclude after an examination of the conditions. For anonymous letter-writers no man cares a snap of the finger, and those that have been received by the editor of this paper would not have been dignified by notice but for the fact that the writers did their dirty work under the strange delusion that their conduct was conceived in the interest of decency. No good cause can be so foully served. And if there be people who think they know a great deal about the various manners in which the editor of this paper fails to realize the ideal life in his own daily walk, they are informed that they cannot be more acutely aware than he is of the fact that perfection is not attainable without grievous disappointment and defections in the quest. At least, the editor of this paper has never written anonymous letters.



Mr. Cleveland's Rhetoric

In his recent oratorical outburst, Mr. Grover Cleveland made it plain to his countrymen that he still believes in elephantine ponderosity in rhetoric. The ex-President seems to take an infinite delight in verbal gymnastics, in reverberating locutions, in yard-long words of Latin ancestry. He cannot get over his penchant for hiding thoughts that are really thought compelling in a phraseology that is hideously academic in architecture. Mr. Cleveland's formalism in speech reminds one of the rhetorical efforts of college graduates. His horror of pregnant and telling Anglo-Saxon forms of speech is something unique, and at the same time very distressing to hearers and readers. Mr. Cleveland is a good politician, but an inconceivably poor rhetorician.



Municipal Ownership in England

WHILE the London *Times* is still thundering against the municipalization of public utilities, returns are coming in which prove conclusively that by owning their gas, water, telephone, garbage and various other plants, the provincial towns of England have succeeded in giving tax-payers much better and much cheaper service. It is stated that the net profits of municipal ownership have mounted up to \$618,000 in Birmingham, to \$2,210,600 in Manchester, to \$872,014 in Leeds, to \$1,002,325 in Bolton, and to \$620,000 in Nottingham. In the city of Darlington, a six years' ownership of public utilities has resulted in a net profit of \$350,000, and on account of the growing surplus, the tax rate has been reduced to the extent of about \$7.50 for each family. In the face of such figures, the *Times* will experience considerable difficulty in trying to convince the people that public ownership is a pernicious and ruinous policy. It is fighting a losing fight against what it is pleased to call municipal Socialism. To condemn municipal ownership simply because it is on the Socialistic programme is childish bigotry; If the *Times* is so bitterly opposed to the theories of Karl Marx, why does it refrain from railing against the English income tax, which is likewise favored by the Socialists? The municipal ownership idea cannot be downed with an elaborate array of thinly-disguised sophistries and an appeal to the feeling of prejudice against Socialism, after having been put to a practical test and vindicated its originators. Actual facts and figures count for a good deal more, nowadays, than theoretic yarn-spinning. The municipalization of public utilities is in accord with the progressive spirit of the age. There is absolutely no logical reason why a body of tax-payers should not be able to conduct the operation of public utilities in a more successful and more profitable manner than a private corporation. Re-

The Mirror

sults obtained in England go toward substantiating the truth of the assertion recently made in the *MIRROR*, that a municipal or public corporation can be made as profitable an enterprise to tax-payers as a private corporation now is to shareholders.



British Superiority

THE standard of safety in traveling on railroad in the United States is still far from what it ought to be, or from what it is in England. According to lately published figures of the Interstate Commerce Commission, one hundred and fifty-eight passengers were killed on the railways of this country during the year 1901. During the same time, not a single passenger lost his life traveling on British lines. In connection with this ghastly fact, the New York *Evening Post* has figured it out that, during the three years ending June 30, 1900, 21,847 people were killed on American railways, which represents a loss in human life that is almost equal to that suffered by the British during the protracted South African struggle. In the face of such figures it would be unreasonable to assert that the American people have cause to look with contempt upon railroad service in England. What we have gained in comfort and speed in railroad travel, is partially, if not entirely, offset by a decrease in the standard of safety. Whatever the cause of this may be, (and some attribute it to the absence of block-working in this country) it behoves American railroad managers to devote some study to British methods, and to make their standard of safety as high as that of comfort and speed is universally admitted to be. They should no longer give the British occasion to boast of superiority in providing methods insuring the safety of life and limb of passengers.



Hotel Promoters

Is anybody doing anything in the way of real hotel-promoting? There is lots of vague, ethereal talk floating around and exciting the imagination of enterprising reporters, but every would-be builder seems to be afraid of himself and his riotous imagination. And yet we need hotels, and there is no time to be lost in commencing to begin to locate and to build. St. Louisans are growing a-weary of promoting, talking and conjecturing. They want to see "something doing." Valuable time is passing; World's Fair buildings are going up, and here we are still gossiping about hotel projects. There seems to be no more enterprise and gumption in the average hotel promoter than in "Weary Willie." Strange how loathe these hotel-dreamers are of investing their shekels in St. Louis enterprises.



Stilwell's New Scheme

A. E. STILWELL, the originator of the Kansas City & Southern Railway enterprise, is now engaged in the construction of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient, which will constitute a direct line from Kansas City to Topolobampo (Port Stilwell) on the Pacific Coast of Old Mexico. The total length of the system will be 1,500 miles. The people of Kansas City and the Southwest generally are taking a great interest in this important undertaking, and Stilwell, the President of the company, is receiving many congratulations upon his shrewd business calculations, his far-seeing grasp of the trend of events, and the undauntable energy with which he has been, and still is, surmounting innumerable harassing difficulties. Stilwell deserves well at the hands of the people of the Southwest. Once the partner, and afterwards the bitter enemy of John W. Gates, he has developed into a figure of national im-

portance. He is doing in the Southwest what Henry Villard was doing, years ago, in the Northwest, and he is doing it in a manner which, considering all the circumstances and opportunities connected with the enterprise, must be regarded as unusually conservative. Investors on both sides of the Atlantic appear to have confidence in Stilwell and his promises. They take kindly to all his propositions, and never hesitate to advance the amount of cash required to carry them through. Stilwell is in some sense, and necessarily, a speculator, but he is infinitely superior to men of the Gates type and spirit. He is a pioneer of civilization; he advances the interests of domestic and international trade and finance. And he does not abuse the confidence placed in him by thousands of investors, or resort to "dirty," dishonorable tricks to rob stockholders of their legitimate property, or manipulate the prices of shares for his own, exclusive benefit. It is intimated that after the completion of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railroad, Stilwell will make provision for a fleet of swift steamers to run between the terminus on the Pacific Ocean and Oriental ports, and thus establish the shortest route between Kansas City and the Pacific, and the shortest route to China and Japan. The new railroad route will run through Southwestern Kansas, the heart of Oklahoma, Western Texas and cut through the center of Chihuahua. Stilwell has succeeded in securing Edward Dickinson, at present connected with the Union Pacific, for his general manager, and is evidently determined to make his new enterprise one of the most successful in the United States and Mexico.



Insurance Securities

TWO WEEKS ago, the *MIRROR*, in commenting upon certain tendencies upon the part of life insurance companies to break into the field of speculative flotation of "industrials," made a reference to the New York Life which, while not so intended, may have been taken by some as an intimation that that company had been guilty of such practices. Funds of life insurance companies are mainly the property of dependent beneficiaries. Every possible safeguard should be employed for their secure conservation. Governmental supervision is justifiably rigid in its insistence upon conformity with requirements looking to the safety of such funds. Mr. John A. McCall, President of the New York Life, in an address delivered before the thirty-third annual convention of State insurance officials, held at Columbus, Ohio, in September of this year, reviewed at length the various phases of legal regulation and supervision to which the business of life insurance is subjected in the several States, and he added to the summary this observation: "And in addition to the matters actually legislated upon, large discretion is usually given to the officer to whom is committed the execution of the laws." Mr. McCall was at one time superintendent of insurance for the State of New York, and it is significant that he has not failed to embody in practice, since he has become president of a great company, all those precepts for which he had diligently and ceaselessly labored while occupying his former exalted station. And so, when the Prussian government imposed certain stringent conditions as a prerequisite to the admission of foreign life companies, it was quite in consonance with the spirit of the McCall administration to qualify for Prussian business, and, despite the stringency of the conditions, it is hoped that other American companies will, in time, follow the lead of the New York Life. In an address announcing the terms of admission to business in the

German empire, Mr. Perkins, Vice President of the New York Life, remarked that a precedent had been

set not only for other companies, but for all successive boards of trustees of the New York Life as well. The New York Life publishes an annual statement, showing in minute detail how every dollar of its assets is invested, and these statements disclose that the funds are entirely free from everything of a speculative character. The books of the company are open to the public scrutiny through the authorized examiners of eighty-two governments. Nor is the New York Life the only company deserving commendation for wise conservation of the trust committed to its charge. It may indeed, be said that exceptions are rare, and a discriminating press serves its constituency well in promptly challenging deviations from the paths of safety, where departure from sound practice obtains. In the case of the New York Life, however, it would appear that every device that prudence dictates is employed in behalf of the integrity of that sacred trust. The *MIRROR*, while ready to make the *amende* to the New York Life would not be understood as swerving from its declaration that in these extremely speculative times, Government and State officials cannot be too careful in scrutinizing the securities in which insurance funds are invested.



COSMIC EVOLUTION

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE

THE Darwinian theory of evolution seems to be enjoying an evolution of its own. It is no longer what it used to be in years gone by. It is constantly expanding, both in scope and in significance. Considerable thinking has been done since the great Englishman startled the civilized world with his "Descent of Man." The unbounded enthusiasm which the evolution theory, in its original narrow form, at first evoked has given place to sober reflection, to a more careful scrutinizing of evidential facts, to a more profound way of thinking, to an intellectual digging, burrowing and shoveling, the result being that there is, at the present time, a rapidly growing impression that Darwin, while he must be regarded as the discoverer of a momentous law of nature, made the egregious and yet pardonable mistake of not realizing its proper proportion and meaning.

Both American and European scientists are now engaged in making it clear to us that evolution must be considered applicable to something more than the species only; that it has been, and still is, at work throughout the visible and invisible world, that it is, in short, at work in the most simple form of organic life as well as in the genesis and movements of suns and planets.

The November number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a posthumous paper by the late John Fiske, dealing with the "science of evolution," in a manner that is both comprehensive and lucid.

The American scholar has formed his own opinion regarding that great natural law, which grows in proportion and significance the more it is studied. It cannot be asserted, we are told, that "there is one science of mechanics for the earth, or one kind of optic for Sirius, or one law of gravitation for Jupiter, but from end to end of the visible universe the same laws hold sway, and the fundamental principles of action are the same. Not only is it true that the same physical laws hold good throughout all space, but throughout all time, as far as the farthest stretches of space and time that science can reveal to us."

The law of evolution was already at work when the primeval dawn began to break over that vast formless

and timeless chaos which is now known to us as the great universe. And it has been at work ever since, and still is. And it would be hazardous to assert that it is now working in a different or more moderate fashion than it did æons of ages ago. Its methods and effects, it would seem, are ever the same. They are silent, and, to mortal eye, imperceptible. As Dr. Fiske says, "the chief agencies of change were the quiet ones. If you had visited the earth then, (in prehistoric ages) you would have found a peaceful scene, where gentle showers and quickening sunshine coaxed forth the sprouting herbage, with worms crawling in the ground and quadrupeds of some sort browsing on the vegetation; and never would there just come a time when you could say that the old age had gone and a new one succeeded it. How does one generation of men succeed another? The fathers are not swept away in a body to make way for the children, but one by one they drop off and the young come on until a day is reached when none of them remain that once were here. How does some form of human speech become extinct? About one hundred years ago, an old lady named Dolly Dentreath died in Cornwall. She could speak the Cornish language; after her death there was nobody that could. Thus, quietly, did the living Cornish language become a dead language, and, in a like, unobtrusive manner have been wrought out most of the new becomings which have changed and are changing the earth."

There is lots of talk nowadays about tremendous catastrophes which convulsed and revolutionized our earth thousands or millions of years ago. Scientists who speak so fluently and knowingly about those primæval affairs of horror, would fain make us believe that all the various upheavals took place in a comparatively short time, or within a few decades. Yet the transition from the tertiary epoch, for instance, or from that which preceded the one in which we now live, probably consumed many thousands or millions of years, during which time evolution was steadily and faithfully at work and slowly bringing about the great transformation.

There were, unquestionably, some awful catastrophes in early, geologic ages, but, it seems, they were merely sporadic, or local. They did, in no essential way, modify the gigantic scale on which the law of evolution was and still is operating, or change the course of cosmic developments from what it was destined to be from the very beginning. We have an idea that a million of years, or the time required by evolution to achieve, to us, tangible results, must be an endless, infinite period of time. Let us cite the words of Dr. Fiske in reference to this: "All over the globe, the myriad raindrops, rushing in rivers to the sea, are with tireless industry working to obliterate existing continents, and the mean rate at which they are accomplishing this work of denudation seems to be about one foot in three thousand years. At this rate, and from the action of rivers alone, it would take just two million years to wear the whole existing continent of Europe, with all its huge mountain masses, down to the sea level."

Modern scientists do not hesitate to tell us that evolution is still at work. Evidence of this may be found in Australia and various islands of Oceanica. Dr. Fiske believes that Australia is, at the present day, no further advanced than was Europe several geologic ages ago. The Australian aborigine is the lowest type of the human race. He has not as yet reached even the bow and arrow stage, while the marsupials found in modern Australia belonged to the fauna of Europe during the chalk age. Just as these marsupials were exterminated in the course of time in Europe and displaced by the placental mammals, they are now being exterminated

and displaced in Australia. The law of evolution continues to show its fine Italian hand.

This wonderful law is also at work in the field of politics, of sociology, of ethics and of religion. It affects the physical and intellectual and moral nature of man. It affects thought, feeling and action. Man of the present day is, in his intellectual and moral make-up, far above his predecessor of prehistoric times. Mind and soul never stand still. They develop, or evolve, in the individual as well as in the race. This is a factor that is frequently undervalued or overlooked by reformers, philosophers and law-givers. They are always men, remarks Dr. Fiske, who assert "in one breath that human nature is always the same, and in the next moment assume that it may be extensively remodeled by some happy feat of legislation. Now, the mental habits which come with a study of evolution lead us to very different views upon such matters. We can produce abundant evidence to show that human nature is not always the same, while we also recognize that it cannot be suddenly or violently modified by any governmental might or cunning. We recognize that one must not expect to take a mass of poor units and organize them into an excellent sum total. We do not imagine that a community of Hot-tentots would be particularly benefited by our Federal Constitution any more than they would feel comfortable in our clothes."

Thus we see that the law of evolution is at work in every direction, in all times and changing the whole universe. What it is, what it means, what it is striving for—who can tell? The human mind sees, but does not understand. It tries to solve, and shrinks back on itself, and finally clutches at belief.



JAY COOKE

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON

JAY COOKE, the erstwhile great financier, is seriously ill. He is suffering from congestion of the brain. As he is an octogenarian, his friends believe he will soon be no more.

To the present generation, the name of Jay Cooke does not mean much. Many years have rolled by since the great house of Jay Cooke & Co. went down with a crash and made Wall street and the whole country "throw fits," and the prices of securities melt away like snow in a June sun. The tremendous panic left the shrewd and bold financier without a dollar in the world. But he did not give up, or retire into a corner to lick his sores. He went to work again, and, within a few years, managed to scrape together another fortune of \$10,000,000. Jay Cooke was nothing if not an optimist. He had faith in himself and the world. It seemed that there was nothing that could daunt or discourage him. From boyhood up, his leading characteristic was "nerve." That, combined with a generous amount of "luck" and perseverance, made him what he afterwards turned out to be—the leading financier of this country.

Jay Cooke was born in Sandusky, O., on August 10, 1821. As a boy of seventeen, he went to Philadelphia, where he accepted a clerkship in the prominent banking house of E. W. Clark & Co. Five or six years later, he was made a partner in the firm, which, during the Mexican war, negotiated the loans of the Federal government, and thus rendered good service to the nation. At the outbreak of the Civil War, Cooke had organized his own firm. He had been a good apprentice in the business of finance, and now he developed into a good master. He possessed those qualities

which soon made him the Government's banker, and the purveyor of the cash required to suppress the rebellion.

Cooke, during the darkest days of that momentous struggle, never lost faith in the ultimate outcome and the future of his country. At his request, a number of bankers got together and succeeded in raising \$50,000,000 to be advanced to the Government. Mr. Chase, the then Secretary of the Treasury, was informed, at the same time, that it would be impossible to get more than that amount together. The War continued. Congress authorized a loan of \$500,000,000, but there was, apparently, no one willing to disburse cash in furtherance of a cause that did not seem to be a very promising one at that time. In the early months of 1863, the paymaster of the army reported that pay in arrears amounted to over \$60,000,000, and that a large number of soldiers had not received a dollar for six months.

Matters looked decidedly "blue." Discontent was rife in the army as well as many sections of the North. The Secretary of the Treasury found himself in a most harassing position. The war could not be carried on without money. Pressed to the uttermost, Mr. Chase appealed to Jay Cooke for assistance by making his firm fiscal agent for the Government. Cooke never flinched nor remonstrated. He regarded himself as equal to the task of helping the country out of a bad hole and of raising the necessary amount of cash. With characteristic energy, he began to discharge the duties of his important position without loss of time. He employed hundreds of clerks; he established sub-agencies everywhere, and expended \$2,000,000 in newspaper advertising. When it became known that Cooke had confidence in the Government and the outcome of the war and recommended the purchase of war-bonds, the financial situation changed as if by magic. Purse-strings loosened, and investors rushed forth to buy securities, which they had looked upon with distrust all along, at par, that is 100. The bonds sold like hot cakes. They were disposed of at the rate of \$3,000,000 a day. By January 1st, 1864, Jay Cooke proudly informed the Secretary of the Treasury that the whole amount of \$500,000,000 had been taken by investors.

Cooke's financial operations and success strengthened the Lincoln Administration and injected fresh energy and enthusiasm into the military campaign against the Confederacy. They also made it plain to Congress and the financial world in general that there was no need of further inflation of the currency, and that the people of the North were able and willing to advance all the funds needed and upon terms that indicated perfect confidence in the Government and its policies. But Jay Cooke accomplished still more. His influence being more potent than ever, he succeeded in floating another Government loan, the biggest of all, amounting to \$800,000,000, and this within the astoundingly short time of five months.

After the conclusion of the war, Jay Cooke endorsed the national banking act. He advocated it tacitly and openly. An hour after it had become law, he announced the organization of the first national bank.

It is estimated that the resourceful financier, during the Civil War, saved the Treasury more than \$100,000 by purchasing the checks of the quartermaster, which were being discounted from 5 to 50 per cent, simply because there were no funds in the Federal Treasury to provide for their taking up.

Taken all in all, Jay Cooke's career was an honorable one. Like other Wall street men, he had his faults and committed his mistakes, but the American people

are willing to overlook them, in view of the many and so signal services which he rendered the Nation during days of the greatest trial. He proved himself to be the right man at the right time. He was bold and acted and trusted, when others hesitated, feared and lost faith.



TO WALTER PATER

BY LIONEL JOHNSON

GRACIOUS God rest him, he who toiled so well
Secrets of grace to tell
Graciously; as the awed rejoicing priest
Officiates at the feast,
Knowing, how deep within the liturgies
Lie hid the mysteries.
Half of a passionately pensive soul
He showed us, not the whole:
Who loved him best, they best, they only, knew
The deeps, they might not view;
That, which was private between God and him;
To others, justly dim,
Calm Oxford autumns and preluding springs
To me your memory brings
Delight upon delight, but chiefest one;
The thought of Oxford's son,
Who gave me of his welcome and his praise,
When white were still my days;
Ere death had left life darkling, nor had sent
Lament upon lament;
Ere sorrow told me, how I loved my lost,
And bade me base love's cost.
Scholarship's constant saint, he kept her light
In him divinely white:
With clostral jealousy of ardor strove
To guard her sacred grove,
Inviolate by unworldly feet, nor paced
In desecrating haste.
Oh, sweet grove smiling of that wisdom, brought
From arduous ways of thought;
Oh, golden patience of that travailing soul,
So hungered for the goal,
And vowed to keep, through subtly vigilant pain,
From pastime on the plain;
Enamored of the difficult mountain air
Up beauty's Hill of Prayer!
Stern is the faith of art, right stern, and he
Loved her severity.
Momentous things he prized, gradual and fair,
Births of a passionate air:
Some austere setting of an ancient sun,
Its midday glories done,
Over a silent, melancholy sea
In sad serenity:
Some delicate dawning of a new desire,
Distilling fragrant fire
On hearts of men prophetically faint
To feel earth young again:
Some strange rich passage of the dreaming earth,
Fulfilled with warmth and worth.
Ended, his service: yet, albeit farewell
Tolls the faint vesper bell,
Patient beneath his Oxford trees and towers
He still is gently ours:
Hierarch of the spirit, pure and strong,
Worthy Uranian song.
Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me
By miracle to see
That unforgettably most gracious friend,
In the never-ending end.

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MARY OF MAGDALE

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY

JIT is probably a safe statement to say that a great measure of the fame which adheres to the old masters through such of their paintings as have come down to us, is due to their choice of subjects. It would not be well to say that they drew badly, that some of their modeling was atrocious, that they had execrable taste in tones and color contrasts, or that they had crude ideas about values, but, just the same, and in spite of all the fulsome praise and imitative approval that has been almost unanimously directed at the old masters, some of these failings are apparent in each of them, and the last analysis, the most tangible and impressive quality of their works is now, as it has always been, the majesty of the topics and characters pictured, and the almost idolatrous admiration with which the Christian world has always regarded everything Biblical.

As an example of dramatic construction and expression, it is probable that the *Passionspiel* at Oberammergau has no more intrinsic merit than the *Veiled Prophet's Parade*, or the *Fall of Pompeii* as exhibited in this country with the help of trained pantomimists and many fireworks. But the *Passion Play*, leaning, as it does, upon the fanaticism of some, the devotional predilection of others, and the superstitious tendencies of nearly everyone who has seen it, has come to be regarded by those who have seen nothing of it but heard much, as the most marvelous, the most perfect and the most thought-compelling dramatic performance of our day. The influence of this legendary excellence, and the undoubted success of the pageant, (for it is not a "play" in the dramatic sense) has tempted the practical men of the modern theater to attempt many enterprises for bringing the support of the devout majority to the rescue of the box-office. "The Christian," "The Sign of the Cross," "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis," "The Holy City" and other dramas usually adapted from the so-called "religious novels," have succeeded from a financial point of view and failed from both the literary and dramatic standards. For some time journeymen playwrights have been falling over one another in a mad scramble to utilize the intimate and essential strength of the tragic story of Jesus, the Nazarene, Judas, the Betrayer, and Mary, the penitent woman of Magdala. Lacking the skill and the courage to dramatize the situations truthfully as to time, place and the personalities contemplated, they have tinkered the story, masqueraded the characters, modernized the action and dress, cheapened, vulgarized and prostituted a tragedy than which, for grandeur of motive, for poignancy of passion and for majestic climaxes, there is nothing better in all the long history of the Christian world.

The opportunism which long ago recognized a recondite demand for Christ as the hero of a play is, doubtless, responsible for Paul Heyse's tragedy. Certainly it is the motive which prompted Mrs. Fiske and her associates to present to the American public the adaptation, or translation, which is now running with great success in Chicago. To those of us who are apt to demand of a new piece some excellence in the matter of dramatic construction, and who cannot believe that the character of Christ is impossible of impersonation on the stage, the play, "Mary of Magdala," must be a distinct disappointment, in spite of the fine artistry of the players presenting it. In a word, the piece is not a play, but rather a series of very striking and beautiful tableaux, almost without considerable action, disjointed, unbalanced and sometimes inconsequential. Christ, the

hero, is not seen. Judas, the dominant character of the play, overshadows everything by the persistent intrusion of his imaginary wrongs and woes, and the harlot, Mary, displays not a flash of the scorching passion, not a purr of the lecherous sensuality, not a hint of the winsome wantonness that is necessary to the psychological sequence of a character that passed, by the very exigencies of her own fierce impulses, from almost glorified infamy to the perfection of self-sacrificing penitence.

In this interpretation of the story of Judas of Ascarioth and of Mary of Magdala, the betrayal of Christ is not ascribed to the greed of the fallen disciple, and at least for this adherence to the logic of the case we may be grateful. If Judas was treasurer for the Twelve, as it is written, and doubtless the ablest mind among his associates, it is very sure that he must have had many opportunities of robbing them of much more than the paltry thirty pieces of silver for which, it has been said, he betrayed the Nazarene. Heyse's explanation of Judas' treachery is the enraged disappointment of a misguided political zealot, who, finding that the prophet who had proclaimed himself "King of the Jews" was only a peace-loving preacher, turned upon him and sold him for Crucifixion. Something of supplementary motive is added in the mental mortification with which Judas, the lover, sees Mary turning from him to follow, with adoring eyes, the pale man of love and peace. But Judas, as a lover in the Heyse play, is not a very convincing character. His almost fanatical excess of patriotism, his incessant recriminations against Jesus for failing to strike off the Roman fitters, his morbid mouthings of racial animosities, all help to divest him of both the attributes and the attitude of a lover, and conspire to urge that his sole motive for treason against his Lord was revenge for patriotic, and not personal, wrongs.

And it seems to me that this is not an adequate motive for treachery so monstrous. Whatever Jesus failed to do against the tyranny of Cæsar, he certainly did not work against the Jews. If he did not draw the sword upon Rome, as Judas expected, at least he did not approve or condone the political slavery of his own race. I have always believed that Judas of Ascarioth betrayed the Nazarene from motives of jealousy against the man, the friend, who had won away his mistress. It seems probable, if not certain, that Judas was so passionately infatuated with Mary of Magdala that he might have betrayed Israel, the Christ and all the Twelve, for her. That he would have sold his friend and comrade unto death for no better reason than Jesus' failure to live up to the popular ideals of Judean politics, is not credible. Indeed, without fear of being accused of irreverence, I would say that Mary of Magdala's first pursuit of the Nazarene was prompted by vanity, by the craving for conquest, by wholly sinful and sensual tendencies.

It is wholly reasonable to suppose that, instead of tempting, much less subjugating, the Nazarene, Mary found herself enmeshed, helplessly, and yet ecstatically, swept away by the matchless beauty of His most perfect face, by the calm, impersonal and all-including pity of His divine eyes, by the spiritual tenderness of His unselfish and unfleshly love for all men, and, perhaps, most of all, for her, the lowest and the vilest of sinners. I am sure that this was Paul Heyse's original conception of the first relations between Jesus and the Magdalene, for in the German text of the play, Caiaphas is made to prompt Mary to the tempting of Jesus himself, and not Flavius, as in the translation. In the original play, too, Mary is prevented from going to her death at the hands of the Betrayer only by the knowledge which

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Martha brings of her suicide. She had promised to go, and would have gone to him but for this. In the English adaptation, as presented by Mrs. Fiske, all of these dramatic semblances of an approaching climax are omitted. Mary, Judas, Flavius, and the implied, but unseen, hero of the play, drift dimly and inactively into vague and improbable death, dementia or failure.

Of course, the haunting fear of offending the Christian sense of reverence for every one near to the personality of Christ, the effort to avoid what some might characterize as a sacrilegious familiarity with the human side of the men and women of such a story, has prevented the playwright, the players and the managers from yielding to this fine subject anything of the truthful handling which honest art insistently demands. Except from a purely sentimental, or reverential point of view, this play is, then, an annoying and futile disappointment.

Restricted and hampered by the illogical and inartistic, but very inflexible, exactions of the piece as written, Mr. Tyrone Powers comes very near saving the entire presentation from harsh criticism by his impersonation of Judas. It is a pity that so finished a bit of acting has gone astray in this cowardly garble of a noble tragedy. Mrs. Fiske does not fit, either physically or temperamentally, into the character of Mary as Heyse has given it to us, but if there is any credit due to a great artiste who will do violence to her natural limitations and at the same time endure the artistic paradoxes of this play for the mere purpose of pleasing a public that will stand almost anything from her, the red-haired Fiske is entitled to a generous meed of praise. The piece is nobly invested, and the preachers are tickled to death with what they call this "effort of the modern stage to supplement their good work!"



A PECULIAR CASE

BY TOM MASSON

BUT we anticipate.

We were about to tell what happened to Von Blumer, on that sanguinary day in the spring, without first even intimating what was the matter with him. And this is important. As our little tale proceeds, we feel sure that its importance will be acknowledged by all.

It was early morning as Von Blumer stepped briskly out of his house and walked sturdily down the street, his mind far ahead of him. Like a searchlight that focuses on the distant point of interest, so Von Blumer's mind was already at his office, arranging and planning the development of his latest schemes. Mechanically he got into the car, mechanically he got out again, and mechanically he proceeded to that already active center. This mental mechanism, or self-absorption, if you will, was to be shortly disturbed, for he had not walked far before he ran up against his friend, Wilderby. Wilderby, it might be mentioned, possessed a combination of three things: He was honest, he was tactless and he had once been under treatment at a sanitarium. So it was not altogether unnatural, after the first greeting, for him to say to Von Blumer:

"Old man, are you well?"

"Why, yes."

"You look thin."

"Do I? Perhaps I am."

"You are. You're under weight. I'll bet, when you come to think it over, that you are not so well as you, perhaps, have seemed to yourself."

"I hadn't thought much about it."

"Well do so. It will pay you. Oftentimes a loss in

weight is the forerunner of serious trouble. You show plainly that you are not up to the mark."

They parted, and Von Blumer proceeded on his way to his office, with an uncomfortable feeling that his friend had, somehow, done him an injury. He didn't like Wilderby so well as he had, maybe, yet here was a thought that was doubtless worth considering. Von Blumer had, with an active imagination, a nervous temperament that may have been instrumental in his business success, but was not always conducive to the utmost tranquility.

He stopped on his way to his desk and looked into the mirror.

"Am I getting thin?" he asked himself.

Some able observer, with, perhaps, more common sense than psychology, has said that thoughts are things. In the course of the next two hours, it seemed to Von Blumer as if his thought, so gratuitously thrust upon him, was a real thing, so often did he try to brush it aside, only to have it return to him again.

"You look thin. You show plainly that you are not up to the mark."

These words of his friend stared him in the face. Then, his attention being aroused in this direction, it seemed that never before had so many other striking things, all bearing directly on his particular case, come up before him. In his mail was a circular, advertising a certain remedy, and detailing certain symptoms, many of which he recognized as his own. He read it now with the keenest interest, and then suddenly tore it up, relentless and remorseful at his weakness. Leaving his office to go across the way, he ran directly into a weighing machine. He had made that trip many times before, yet had never noticed it. Yet there it was, marred and weather-beaten, and the figures staring him in the face; figures that said a man five feet four should weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds. With an eagerness he was secretly ashamed of, he felt for a penny, and looking furtively around to see that he was not observed, he stepped on the fatal scale. His worst fears were confirmed. The telltale hand moved slowly around and stopped at one hundred and thirty-one.

After he got back to his office he called in Jones, his head clerk, and after giving him some instructions said, as indifferently as he could:

"By the way, Jones, how do I look? Some one told me that I didn't seem altogether well."

Jones scanned his employer's face closely. Jones was a good man, but not one of the advance guard. He argued quite naturally that if he should tell Von Blumer that he was all right, and then Von Blumer should be sick, that it would be a point against Jones. So he said, quite naturally:

"You do look a little thin. Your eyes, perhaps, are not quite so bright as usual. Don't you feel well, sir?"

"Not very well," said Von Blumer. "Still, I guess it's nothing. Maybe a cold."

At the end of another hour, Von Blumer began to wish that he might see Wilderby again. He wanted to ask him some questions. All resentment against that individual had vanished, and gratitude had taken its place. He was now forced to admit it to himself—he was really feeling "off." And his admiration for Wilderby proportionately increased when he reflected that that individual had been so quick to see what had probably been true all along—that he was below par.

At this point, Wilderby himself came in.

"After I left you," he began, "I was thinking about your case" (this word was a souvenir of Wilderby's sanitarium experience,) "and I didn't know but I had needlessly alarmed you."

"Not at all," replied Von Blumer. "But do you know, I believe you are more than half right. I am not up to par."

"Of course you are not. I knew I was right about that. What I wanted to say was, don't be worried. It may be only a cold coming on. It may be walking typhoid or appendicitis, but whatever it is, modern medical science has reached such a stage that you need have no fear as to the ultimate result."

"But it seems absurd to consult a doctor."

"You don't have to—at any rate, not just now. Get a clinical thermometer and take your temperature. If it registers over ninety-eight and three-fifths, you have a fever. Try it at, say, two o'clock. Tuberculosis, typhoid or appendicitis always show a rise in temperature in the afternoon. But don't worry, old fellow. It will be all right."

From the time that Wilderby left him, up to luncheon, Von Blumer got rapidly worse. At the restaurant he discovered that he had no appetite. On his way back, he stepped into a drug store and purchased a clinical thermometer. At two o'clock he bolted the door of his office, determined to make the fatal experiment, the result of which he already foresaw. He was a sick man. He knew it. Every bone in his body testified to it. A loss of weight, no appetite, slight chilly feeling—all these but confirmed his worst fears. He put the fatal tube in his mouth, and sat, the cold perspiration on his brow, for what seemed an eternity, but was really only two minutes, according to the directions. He felt that this would decide the matter. And then, with a wave of desperate courage, he glanced at the fatal line of mercury. It was as he suspected.

His temperature was one hundred.



At ten minutes past three, Mrs. Von Blumer, looking out of her front window, saw a carriage drive up, and, to her astonishment and dismay, she beheld her husband slowly alight. She flew to the door to meet him. His face was flushed. He had all the appearance of a man in distress.

"What is the matter, dear?" she exclaimed.

"I guess I'm pretty sick," replied Von Blumer. "Felt it coming on when I got down town."

"How do you feel?"

"High fever. May be tuberculosis, appendicitis or typhoid."

"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Von Blumer. "You may have a hard cold, or the grip."

Nevertheless, it was plain to her that her husband was really ill, and it was with no little anxiety that she got him into bed and telephoned for Dr. Cuttleton.

The doctor came an hour later, and when, after an evidently careful examination, he issued from the sick room, his face was solemn.

"I am afraid," he said, "that an operation may be immediately necessary. These cases of appendicitis are never safe to leave long."

"So that's what it is," gasped Mrs. Von Blumer. "Oh, dear! wouldn't it be well to have a consultation?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Cuttleton. "It is best. I'll telephone for Dr. Tooler." So Tooler, the eminent specialist, was sent for.

In an almost incredibly short time, so swift and sure are our modern medical methods, the two doctors were in conference. What they said is a matter of professional ethics only, and need not be detailed here.

Two hours later, Von Blumer was put on the operating table. Three hours later his appendix and he had parted company. The next morning he was "resting quietly." In a week he was convalescing. In a

The Mirror

month he was up again, a little the worse for his siege, but still a subject for congratulations.



It was about this time that Dr. Cuttleton and Dr. Tooler met, one evening, at a little social function, and the smoking room happened to be deserted, thus enabling mutual professional confidences to take place.

"That was a peculiar case of Von Blumer's," said Cuttleton.

"Wasn't it?" said Tooler. "Well, he's a good deal better off without that appendix, even if there wasn't anything wrong with it after all. I never feel guilty about those cases, as he would probably have had to have it done some time, and he could well afford it. Besides, how were we to know that his temperature didn't mean something? What do you suppose was the matter with him anyway?"

"Oh," said Cuttleton, carelessly, "probably someone told him he wasn't well."

From the New York Life



A STRENUOUS LIFE

BY CARLYLE SPENCER

AFTER the Swiss guards of Charles X had made, at Grenoble, the last ineffectual attempt to overcome French objections to a Bourbon monarchy, France was no longer a field for the activities of such of them as survived. This accounts for the fact that, some four years later, one of the survivors of Grenoble made his appearance in St. Louis, which, at that time, still retained its reputation as an original French settlement. The survivor of Grenoble, however, did not intend to remain a Frenchman. He "settled" in St. Louis, and announced his intention of becoming a Missourian and an American by applying for naturalization papers.

It is not easy to tell whether the survivor of Grenoble brought more of his restlessness with him than he acquired in what was then "the outpost of civilization." Perhaps he had already become confirmed in it by the education he had received at the Military Academy of Berne, when Switzerland was still engaged in educating soldiers of fortune for all Europe. He had no need of bringing it with him, however, sixty-six years ago, when the face of the United States was beginning to turn westward for its future. There was enough of it in the St. Louis atmosphere to make it hard for any one whose habits were the least unsettled to resist it.

After his campaign in Spain, where the Swiss guards were sent to win glory enough for the Bourbons to satisfy Paris that it did not need the added excitement of a revolution, the survivor of Grenoble had not become a man of settled habits, when, at thirty-one, he attempted to settle in St. Louis. So he disappeared, unostentatiously enough, from St. Louis history, to reappear some years later in the history of the continent and of the world. For this was the "original Thirty-niner," none other than John Augustus Sutter himself, in whose mill-race was to be discovered the gold which changed the political history of the United States and the political economy of the nineteenth century.

When he reappears in history, after leaving St. Louis, Sutter was leaving Santa Fe as the leader of a party of six, bound for the Pacific coast. They were not in search of gold and had no idea of its existence. But if Sutter had not developed then, he did develop not long afterwards the idea of selecting a site for a future State of which he was to be the founder. He

crossed the mountains in his search for it, pushed northwards to Oregon and descended the Columbia river to Fort Vancouver. Unsatisfied still, he sailed for the Sandwich islands, and after investigating them turned from them and sailed for Sitka.

It seems now merely a coincidence that the United States should have followed him—that he was, in fact, following the route which in his generation has been followed to the annexation of the last of the territories he examined before selecting at length the location he intended to use as a base for his own individual work. It is not a coincidence merely, however, as all that has happened since, and more, was then "in the air"—even to the annexation of the Sandwich islands, though at that time California was still Mexican territory. Although it characterized the atmosphere of the West and South, there was enough of it in that of the whole country for the annexation of the Sandwich islands to be discussed as a possibility in the *National Review*, before the Mexican war and shortly after Sutter had returned from Alaska and begun laying the foundations of "New Helvetia" on the shores of San Francisco bay. This beginning was made July 2d, 1839, and Sutter's expectations of the greatest results from it were long delayed in the beginnings of their realization. If he failed to create a new Switzerland on the Pacific coast, he did more than he expected in an entirely unexpected way.

As a projector and promoter, Sutter had genius of a practical order. He not only built a fort and supplied it with cannon, but followed it with a mill, a tannery, and other enterprises, supporting the colony he gathered around him. The Mexican government, pleased at this evidence of the increasing growth of its territory, made him a magistrate, and so favored him that in a few years he was the owner of several thousand head of cattle, and was established in control of the fur trade. Then the Mexican government began to hear rumors of communication between its new colonists and certain people in Washington. The Americans who gathered around Sutter had no idea of becoming Mexicans, and they were guiltless of diplomatic concealments. The talk of annexation grew until the alarmed Mexican authorities attempted to buy out Sutter, New Helvetia and the prospect of annexation at wholesale. Sutter declined to sell either his holdings or his prospects. They began making it as uncomfortable as possible for him, and Sutter began organizing for resistance. It was only after this organization was ready to assert its right to remain at all hazards that Gastro ordered Sutter and all concerned to leave Mexican territory at once. Instead of doing so, they waited for the beginning of the Mexican war and the arrival of Fremont, when, in the restrained language of the time, "it became necessary to raise the United States flag over the territory." So New Helvetia disappeared into the State of California.

It was in February, 1844, that "the cession of the new territory was completed," and it was in the same month of the same year that gold was found in Sutter's mill-race. The rest, from the time Sutter's mill became famous in America and Europe, is known to all who read history, except as it resulted for Sutter himself. After he had helped to organize the new territory for the United States, the lands he held under grants from Mexico increased so greatly in value that his Mexican titles were contested. When the suit was finally carried to the highest courts, the Mexican titles were declared null and from holding over fifty square leagues of land, Sutter became landless.

The legislature of California, to lighten the hardships of his loss, granted him a pension of \$250 a month, which in the end seems to have been almost his sole usufruct from all he had been the means of bringing about. When his homestead was burned, in 1864, he had neither the land he had occupied nor the gold discovered on it to keep him in California and, nine years later, he left the Pacific Coast for Pennsylvania. It does not appear that he ever returned, for his death, in 1880, at the age of seventy-seven, overtook him in Washington City.

It might be hard to find a better type of the disturbed life of the nineteenth century than that of Sutter. At this distance, it is easy to understand him as he never could by any possibility have understood himself. His life came into him as it did into the politics of the century—out of the Napoleonic wars. There is nothing in his career to suggest that he was quarrelsome or destructive in his individual disposition. On the contrary, he developed, if he did not have originally, the builder's habit. He breathed an atmosphere of unrest and disquiet until he could not live out of it, and when he no longer found it in his career as a professional soldier, he sought it until he found it in other ways. The same impulses were on him which operated in the early "swarming of nations." He was one of many thousands affected in the same way by the same causes and he differed from them chiefly in his greater strength to endure a life in which, from beginning to end, unrest pervaded and controlled.



IN THE DARK

BY CHARLES FOLEY

I WENT, one morning, to Poissy, to see a little house to which I had fallen heir, and, after breakfast, I took my keys to the family attorney. As I was about to leave the office, the head clerk called me to his desk and said: "There is also some money coming to you from your uncle's estate. Six thousand francs. Here it is."

The surprise was most agreeable to me. I took the blue bills and slipped them into my pocket-book without counting them. Because of this delay, I had to hurry to get to the station in time. Fortunately, the train was late. It pulled in just as I stepped on the platform. Seeing an empty compartment, as I supposed, I hurriedly entered it.

As I sat down, I saw that I was not alone. A lady sat in the right-hand corner of the seat facing me. I drew back as far as possible in the left-hand corner, not because of suspicion, as I had already forgotten my windfall, but in order to stretch out and reflect at my ease.

The lady was young, beautiful and elegant. A dark-blue traveling-dress of a correct cut set off her slender, graceful figure. Masses of golden hair rippled back under a dark blue felt hat, trimmed with a band of ribbon and a quill. A dainty patent-leather shoe was visible below the hem of her skirt. A watch with some coquettish trinkets hung from her belt, while a bangled bracelet on her left wrist indicated a pretty feminine vanity. A gold-headed umbrella, in its sheath, leaned against a portiere near her. From my observation, I gained an impression of sober luxury, a trifle English in its rigor. A newspaper lay on the lady's lap, and she was reading it with such perfect unconsciousness of my surveillance that I could not even see the color of her eyes.

After we had left the Maison Lafitte station, the

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thought occurred to me to read over some letters which I had merely glanced at in the morning. I put my hand in my pocket to get them, and I felt the pocket-book. A feeling of pleasure came over me at the remembrance of my bequest, and I could not resist the childish desire to handle my little fortune. I took the bills from my purse and, in the perfect security of the closed compartment, I counted them without the slightest suspicion of being watched. The six thousand francs were there. I folded the money up and put it back into the pocket-book, and, with my usual heedlessness, laid the purse down beside me with the letters I was going to read. I now took these up, one by one, read them, and tossed them back on the seat.

I was soon made aware, by the vibration of the coach, that we had reached the Asnières Bridge. The young woman folded up her newspaper, and, without glancing in my direction, began slowly and composedly to unlace the glove on her right hand. Finally she drew it off. We were about to reach our destination. It was not the time for removing one's gloves. Still the act did not impress me at the time. I merely admired the slim, nervous hand, with its tapering fingers. The girl clasped and unclasped them with marvelous agility, as if they were numb from their bondage. The shadow of the great wall of the Batignolles soon fell upon our car, and I noticed that the lantern was not lighted. A moment afterward, with a confused rumbling of wheels and rails, we entered the tunnel.

Soon I fancied I heard—the sound was barely perceptible in the general fracas—a slight rustling among the papers at my side. Careless as I usually am, it is a wonder that the sound attracted my attention, and still more of one that I thought of my pocket-book. By some intuition, however, I did so.

Not intentionally, but with an instinctive, rough gesture, of which I should have been ashamed in the daylight, I forcibly threw both my hands over the scattered papers and pressed them down with all my might. Then, with a start, I felt something move under the pile, like an animal in a trap trying to escape by twisting, turning and pulling. I bore down all the harder. Just

then the train whistle shrieked out. The speed slackened, and we came to a standstill in the blackness of the tunnel. For a moment, I experienced a veritable nightmare. With a rustling and tearing of papers, the struggle continued, silently but fiercely.

After having wriggled and turned desperately in every direction, like a strangled reptile, the hand, crushed under my palms, lay quiet. I saw nothing, heard nothing, not even a breath. I knew, however, that my companion was on the alert, noting my every movement. Suffocated by emotion and wearied by the tension on my nerves, I waited for the daylight for my deliverance.

After a period of time, very short, probably, but the length of which I could not estimate, the train began to move slowly. My relief at this was so great that my whole being involuntarily relaxed from its tension. This was evidently expected, for the hand again tried to free itself, not by violent jerks this time, but by a strong, steady pulling. I felt it slipping along, little by little, under the papers. I imprudently raised my palm a bit to get a fresh hold. When I again bore down, I clasped only my pocket book. The hand had escaped, I knew not when nor how.

I hastily opened the purse, felt that its contents were there, then put it into my vest pocket and stupidly crossed my arms over it.

At last a gray light penetrated into the compartment, followed by the bright light of day. My first glance was at the lady opposite. She sat in exactly the same place, with the same air of haughty indifference. Nothing about her toilet was disarranged in the least. Not a fold of her dress seemed to have been moved. The newspaper lay folded in her lap, the gold-handled umbrella leaned against the portiere, the patent-leather toe protruded slightly below the hem of her skirt.

She looked pale, however, and her eyes were bent on her right hand, as she slowly laced up her glove. It truly seemed as if I were waking from a dream. And what proof could I offer to the contrary.

The train stopped and the platform was on my side. The lady rose, dropped the paper from her lap, took

her umbrella, and with a perfect composure and polite "Pardon me, sir," passed in front of me.

Feeling stupid and duped, I put out my arm to detain her. But she was already on the steps, and noticing my gesture, she turned half round, and for the first time I saw her eyes.

They were as blue as the sky and limpid and beautiful in expression. They gazed at me with so much surprise and candor that I was disarmed completely, and I let her go unmolested. Had it not been for the rumpled, torn papers on the seat beside me, I might have been tempted to believe that the mute but fierce duel in the dark was merely an hallucination of a bad dream.

Translated from the French, for the Argonaut.

SOPHISTRY

BY PAUL KESTER

WHAT gain is there
In sorrow?
What health in suffering?
Does misfortune teach
Us charity?
Is bitterness the seed
Of joy,
And pain
The sure precursor of delight?
Are not these teachings
False, when all
Seek to escape the road
That we are told
Shall lead us upward?
Sophistry would take
From courage, patience,
And the stern virtues
That marshal the iron front
Of self-control,
Their only glory
With their only need.

From McClure's for November

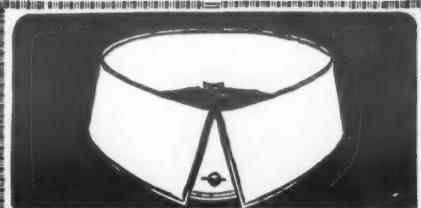
The Mirror

NEW BOOKS

Admirers of that strange genius, Robert Louis Stevenson, will welcome an elegantly bound volume, published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and entitled "The Best of Stevenson." It contains such treats for the literary *gourmet* as "The Will o' the Mill," "Virginibus Puerisque," "The Flight in the Heather," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Voice Among the Trees," "Markheim" and "Aes Triplex," besides some of Stevenson's best poems. The selections have been made with fastidious care and discrimination. They represent the very quintessence of the art and philosophy of that bizarre, and yet so lovesome, dreamer who is sleeping his last sleep on a far-off Samoan island. In his well-studied introductory remarks, Alexander Jessup expresses the opinion that "Stevenson is a writer with several styles, each one of which is better adapted to set forth the beauties of its own particular message," and that, "though the glow and glitter of language are music to him, they make but a tune, after all; still more to him, one imagines, are the meanings that sing to them, the life that he depicts." It must be a matter of regret that the volume does not contain all of that typically Stevensonian essay, "Virginibus Puerisque," notwithstanding the assurance given by the editor that the very best of it has been reproduced. However, we have reason to be satisfied with the literary repast that is spread before us in this volume. In regard to Stevenson's view of life and character, we give the following from Alexander Jessup's observations: "When we remember what were the disabilities of the man in whom the writer labored, our wonder is not only that he strove so gallantly, but that he strove at all. One hardly detects in Stevenson's writings the querulousness of the invalid; one would never imagine that he whose delight it was to write of all the more animated aspects of life, was himself confined, for a large part of life, all too brief, to a sick-bed." The volume under review is one of the series of writings of great authors published by the firm above mentioned.

¶

"Literature is not as yet a bygone art in conservative, Puritanic, beloved old Boston. We may not have our great men, our literary geniuses of the past, but 'there are others,' and of them let us speak." This is what Helen M. Winslow has to say, in one of the introductory paragraphs of her delightful little work entitled "Literary Boston of To-Day," which has lately been published. The volume of 431 pages is full of entertaining reminiscences, of sprightly, clever comments, of flashes of genuine humor and sarcasm, and pertinent observations on literary tendencies of the day. The various biographical sketches are written in a light-veined, easy-flowing, anecdotal style. The authoress shows herself to be a sympathetic judge of human nature, its excellencies and foibles, and has a good deal of that instructive irony which only a



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life of varied experience and of constant thought can give. Among the literary notabilities discussed are Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Henry Cabot Lodge, Edward Everett Hale, Julia Ward Howe and family, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Robert Grant, Charles Follen Adams, and Henry D. Lloyd. Students of modern American literature will find in Helen M. Winslow's biographical work many things that will interest and teach them, and, after a perusal of its pages, come to the conclusion that literature is still a living art in Boston. The book contains numerous illustrations. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

There are probably few Americans who know anything at all regarding Shensi, that immense Chinese province, located in the extreme northwestern corner of the Celestial Empire, with a population of about eight millions, with a civilization all its own and of a most peculiar type, and with customs, idioms and ethnographical mysteries which are the standing puzzle of the few Europeans who have had the courage or the permission to travel through its mountains and over its vast plains. We must, therefore, consider ourselves indebted to Mr. Francis H. Nichols for presenting us with a book of more than three hundred pages, containing well-written and vivid descriptions of his experience in this "naturally gray land of dim beginnings," and entitled "Through Hidden Shensi." In his short preface he takes occasion to remark that "Shensi is a land that has lingered far from world highways. On the plain and in the mountains live a people who have always been as they are now; who are so continuously old that, on first acquaintance, they appear dull from sheer lack of any trace of racial youthfulness. But sifted into the substratum of their character are grains of gold which have been brought down on the stream of time from prehistoric sources, and which gleam with an added luster because of the common clay in which they are imbedded." In the fifth chapter of this most interesting book, the author informs us that the village communities of China live a fairly contented life. "They are as isolated and as lonely, perhaps, as any communities of the same number of human beings anywhere on earth. The villagers have no luxuries and few comforts, yet they are happy and contented, and among them are no paupers. In Chinese villages there is no poverty." Funerals in Shensi are rather gay affairs. They do not provoke any sorrowing or lamentations. "When a Son of Han dies, the entire village holds over his body a joyous wake that lasts for several days. As a means of providing the dead man with sufficient money to have a good time in the spirit-world, his friends burn long strings of pieces of tinsel paper, which are supposed to be transformed by the flames into taels." It has long been the belief that Christianity was introduced into Shensi many centuries ago, that it spread

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rapidly for some time, but finally aroused the antagonism of fanatics, who controlled the government, and was extirpated with a cruel hand. In reference to this, Mr. Nichols calls attention to the tall granite slab in Sian called the Nestorian Tablet, which is regarded as proof sufficient that the Christian religion was introduced into Shensi A. D. 635. Space does not permit of citing more at length. The above should suffice to give people who are interested in conditions now prevailing in one of the most obscure provinces of China a fair idea of the wealth of historical, ethnological, religious, geographical and political information given in this volume, which contains, also

many opposite and excellent illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, are the publishers. (Price \$3.50 net.)

ering human passion which is known as love between two young beings of different sex. Religious exultation of the hysterical, feminine kind marks every page of this astounding, melodramatic novel. Sayings of modern philosophers are com-

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mingled with Biblical passages of intense devotion, of asceticism that has forever fixed its eye heavenward. The seventh chapter, entitled the "Passion Play," is considered to be an accurate, most realistic description of Oberammergau, and of the production of the great tragedy by Bavarian peasants. "On the Cross" is a novel of grotesque conception and development, and should appeal to that class of fiction readers which delights in the pseudo-religious and the pseudo-philosophical. It would be a futile task to review it at length, or in a serious manner. It is published by Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

E. W. Stephens, Columbia, Mo., is the publisher of a little volume, entitled "Some Saints and Some Sinners in the Holy Land," by Walter Williams, editor of the Columbia (Mo.) *Herald*, containing a record of some of the experiences of a party of eight, who, as a class from the University of Chicago, visited the Holy Land, in February and March, 1902. Like everything else emanating from the pen of such a clever, original writer as Walter Williams, the volume is highly interesting, and written in a style that fascinates and holds the attention of the reader throughout its ninety-eight pages.

"Sunday Reading for the Young" is a book containing good stories for children of normal intelligence, and written in a style that is within the grasp of the infantile mind. The book is profusely and well illustrated. E. & J. B. Young & Co., 7 W. 18th street, New York, are the publishers.

A novel educational book, recently published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, is "Yourself," by H. A. Guerber. It is written for and dedicated to children. It seems, however, that it contains a good many things which even adults might read and ponder to advantage to themselves and others. In explaining his object in writing this work, the author says: "I have become more and more convinced of the pressing need of a work dealing frankly and explicitly with all matters pertaining to the physical, mental and moral well-being of our children. . . . Our children have the right to know the exact truth about themselves. Were it possible and safe to leave them entirely ignorant and untrammelled concerning their origin, and all sexual matters, until adult years and mature understanding made full enlightenment expedient, I would gladly advocate complete silence. But such a mode of procedure has become impossible nowadays, unless we remove to desert islands." The book is written in pure, simple and strictly inoffensive style. There is nothing dubious in anything that is said or explained. "Yourself" is a book that should be in every household. It teaches children things which they ought and have a right to know.

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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Miss Gertrude Morris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Morris, will marry Mr. Joseph Adderley, of Chester, Ill., December third.

Mrs. Joseph L. Chamber will entertain, on November 17th, with a reception when she will introduce her daughter, Miss Alecia Chambers, formally into society.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hutchinson will give a large reception on Friday afternoon, November 14th, in honor of Mrs. Carey Talcott Hutchinson, of New York, who is their guest.

The marriage of Miss Henrietta Mary Green and Mr. Charles Joseph Maguire will take place, this evening, at six o'clock, at the Church of the Holy Angel on the South Side. The bride and groom will be "at home" to their friends after December 15th, at 1819 Longfellow boulevard.

Invitations for the marriage of Miss Claudia Depew Ballard and Mr. Ben Prentice Goodwin were issued, the early part of the week, by the parents of the bride elect, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Reese Ballard. A reception will follow the ceremony. "At home" cards are enclosed far after January first, at 559 Cabanne avenue.

An entertainment will be given at the Delmar Baptist Church for the benefit of the Young People's Society of that church. Among those who will contribute to the programme is Miss Carolyn Irwin Mehring, (instructor of studio "W" dramatic school in the Odeon,) who will render Will Carleton's "The First Settler's Story."

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson La Pelle have sent out cards to their friends for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Effie Madeline La Pelle, and Mr. Presley Robins Allen, on Tuesday evening November 18th, at seven o'clock, at the Third Baptist Church. After the ceremony there will be a reception. "At home" cards are enclosed for after the first of January, at Cooper, Tex.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Loader issued cards, this week, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Belle Loader, and Mr. Alonzo Morgan Zabriskie, of New York, on Wednesday evening, November 19th at eight o'clock, at St. George's Church. A reception will follow the ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Loader on Lindell boulevard. The bride and groom will make their home in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Gilman Chappell, have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Louise Garrison Chappel, and Mr. Horace Rumsey, which will take place on Wednesday evening, November 19th, at the Grand Avenue Presbyterian Church. A reception will follow the ceremony. After a bridal tour, the bride and groom will be "at home" at 3810 Westminster place, Thursdays, January 1st and 8th.

Miss Edna Pilcher and Mr. Stuart E. Knappen were married on Wednesday, the ceremony being performed at the Lindell avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, at half past eight o'clock in the evening. Miss Pilcher was attended by Mrs. John W. Barringer, Jr., as matron of honor, and Misses Florence Newby, Emma McKeen, Rena Dula, Rosa Nalle, of Austin, Texas, and Florence Knappen, a sister of the groom, from Grand Rapids, as bridesmaids. Mr. Ted Knappen, of Grand Rapids, came on to be best man for his brother. The ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Henry Heald, Torris Stevens and E. Berkley Jones, all of Grand Rapids, Mr. Coleman, of Detroit, and Mr. Edward S. Pilcher as ushers and groomsmen. After the ceremony there was a reception at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. John E. Pilcher, of Cabanne. After a bridal tour the young couple will reside at Grand Rapids.



A would-be poet recently remarked at his club: "I have written a great number of poems, but I do not propose to have

them published until after my death." "Hurrah!" shouted a chorus of friends, raising their glasses, "here's long life to you, old man!" But now is the time to hear of Swope's shoes. Swope's shoes for the Horse Show, for the theater, for receptions, for street wear—on all occasions. Swope's shoes are the best, best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

KINDERGARTENS

Some two hundred little children have been wending their way to the Odeon this week eager and bright eyed for the rehearsals of the operetta, "The House That Jack Built," to be given for the Under Age Free Kindergarten Fund. The operetta is bright, tuneful and attractive and has the musical and dramatic value of a much more pretentious composition.

Miss Martin, of Chicago, has been secured to superintend the production, and it will be given with the utmost care and finish. Miss Marie Peugnet, Chairman of the Executive Committee in charge, is giving all of her time for the success of the affair and is warmly seconded by the mothers and children interested.

Some of our best local talent will take part. Mrs. McCandless, will be "Mother Goose;" Miss Mary Boyce, "Queen of Hearts;" Mr. John Dener, "Old King Cole;" Mr. Edgar Lackland, "Knaves of Hearts." The choruses, which are especially melodious and catchy, will be sung by about one hundred and fifty children. The stage tableaux and spectacular effects are surpassingly fine and altogether the public wants to look out for "The House That Jack Built."

The operetta will be given on the evenings of the 14th and 15th of November with a Saturday matinee.

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fect, ease of understanding and manipulation than all its imitators. It is made only by the Aeolian Co. of New York, and is sold exclusively (don't forget, exclusively) by the Bollman Bros. Piano Co.

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MUSIC

PICKWICK AS AN OPUS

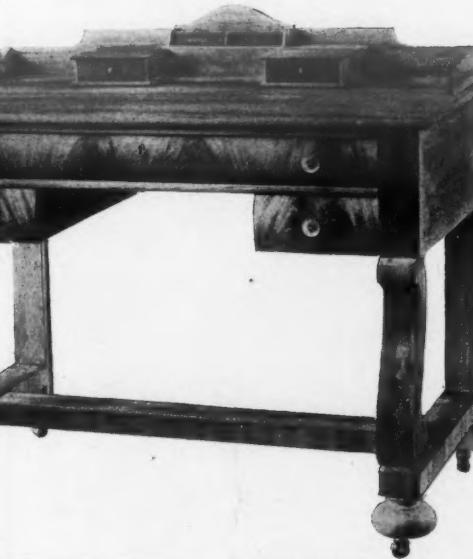
"Pickwick" in rhymes and rythms! "Pickwick" as an opus! Appalling as this may seem, there is, in reality, nothing to disturb the true Dickensite in the fact that the Messrs. Charles and Manuel Klein and Mr. Grant Stewart collaborated in an endeavor to place the revered *Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C., M. P. C.*, before the public in the belittling guise of a comic opera comedian. For it is not *Mr. Pickwick* who is thus rudely thrust among groups of peroxidized soubrettes, but only Mr. DeWolf Hopper garbed in ill-fitting garments resembling in cut and color, those supposed to have been worn by *Mr. Pickwick*. Otherwise, Mr. Hopper might as well be called *Wang* or *El Capitan*, as, excepting in externals, he shows a fine contempt for everything but Hopper. Age does not wither, nor four years of Weber-Fields stale, the big-boyish, fun-making methods of the giant comedian, and never before has he been provided with so smoothly running a vehicle for the exploitation of his jolly personality.

Mr. Charles Klein's book is clever and funny—not Dickensesque or Pickwickian in its cleverness and humor, but, nev-

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ertheless, very amusing in an up-to-date way. This mixing of 1827 and 1902 is, probably, the most diverting feature of the show. When Mr. Hopper, in *Mr. Pickwick's* clothes, is surrounded by a dozen or more modestly coiffured seminary girls, the incongruity and utter absurdity of the affair is irresistible, and later, the audience is threatened with convulsions when Mr. Hopper, in *Mr. Pickwick's* clothes, talks about "something



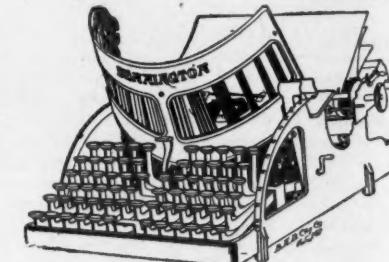
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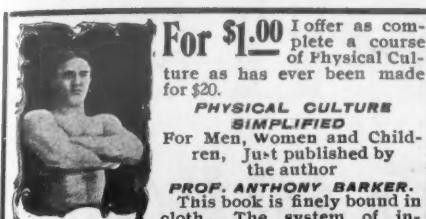
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The performance was hardly as impressive as the list of names on the programme. De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Laura Joyce Bell, Grant Stuart and Henry Norman make quite a "galaxy of artists," but their brightness was more or less obscured. To Mr. Grant Stuart belongs the unique distinction of being too good in his part. His *Alfred Jingle* is a classic—a character picture to be placed with that of the best of the day—and his severely "straight" legitimate methods kept him largely out of the picture. Mr. Norman's dialect developed the most eel-like propensities, and slipped away in the midst of a sentence in truly dismaying fashion. Mr. Digby Bell, whilom comic opera star, as *Sam Weller*, made the most of several clever lines, and scored whenever the librettist and composer gave him an opportunity, but his one solo was an abominably stupid, pointless affair, and only by sheer force of will did he make it "go" at all. Mrs. Bell was grotesquely amusing as *Mrs. Bardell*.

But the hit of the performance was



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The chorus, while not numerically nor pulchritudinally remarkable, is good. The two stage settings, and the light effects, are fine, and, taking the show at the Century this week as a whole, without regard to title, it is excellent entertainment.

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THEATRICALS

"If I were King," Justin Huntly McCarthy's romantic play, is again at the Olympic, and arousing the enthusiasm of large audiences. It is, unquestionably, a stirring, fascinating production. Barring the last act, with its Jack-in-the-Box surprise, the development of the plot, of which Francois Villon is the leading hero, is of logical consecutivity. The tavern scene is thrillingly vivid and makes the strongest appeal to the imagination of its auditors. The few melodramatic features of the play are completely eclipsed by the intellectual art and personality of Mr. E. H. Southern. Miss Margaret Illington, as Katherine de Vaucelles, is bewitchingly effective and has evidently made a careful study of a role that is far from simple or facile. The Louis XI of George W. Wilson is satisfactory.

Stage affects and costumes are superbly rich and deserve special commendation.



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Olympic patrons will have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Richard Mansfield's revival of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy, "Julius Caesar," next week. It promises to be the event of the theatrical season. Mr. Mansfield has scored a great triumph in his role of Brutus. The Chicago management made efforts to cancel all his engagements up to the opening in New York, two weeks hence, and to prolong his stay in the Windy City, but without success. Chicago will have to be satisfied, and give St. Louis an opportunity to greet and to applaud the leading American actor of the present day in his classic role. After the winter run in New York, Mr. Mansfield will be seen only in Boston and Philadelphia before returning to Chicago to complete his season. "Julius Caesar" is sumptuously mounted. It is given with a most careful Mansfieldian regard to modern requirements of artistic detail and finish.



The presentation of the four-act comedy, "Der Tolle Wenzel," at the Germania Theater, Sunday evening, was, easily, one of, if not the, most cleverly rendered productions yet given by the Heinemann-Welt Stock Company. "Die Grille," Wednesday evening, was pleasingly presented. Miss Berger, in the character, Fanchon, portrayed the role with her usual finesse of impersonation. Other members of the company also did clever work. Sunday, November 9, Friedrich von Schiller's masterpiece, "Die Brant von Messina," will be the offering; Thursday, the 12th, "Mit Vergnügen," Gustav von Moser's comedy in four acts, will be the attraction.



The Primrose & Dockstader Minstrels will furnish entertainment at the Century next week. Their program is said to be highly interesting, spicy, varied and up-to-date. The Primrose & Dockstader combination has undoubtedly strengthened its hold upon the affections of a large class of theater-goers. It is

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For sturdy wear, in a low-priced rug, we have this season a very superior Smyrna, in the dull oriental designs, for \$12.50, that is quite handsome,



so far as pattern goes as its high-priced neighbors.

We have the ingrain too, in copies of Orientals, heavy durable all-wool, room sizes, \$4.50 to \$14.50.

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unique in its way and fairly revelling in good songs, jokes and anecdotes of the right sort. The minstrels bring joy to every heart. Their antics would make a cigar-store Indian crack a smile. Primrose has a merry twinkle in his eye; he is of a jovial disposition and at times somewhat given to practical joking and the saying of quaint things. Dockstader is not a whit behind his colleague. These two have surrounded themselves with comedians and vocalists of the highest reputation for ability, and have provided a program that proves an irresistibly strong drawing card. The scenic paraphernalia is said to be superb, and the vocal numbers are rendered by men who know how to sing and how to act. The olio is full of surprises. So don't make the mistake of staying away from the Century next week.



The performance at the Standard, this week, is of

unusual merit. The farce has some semblance of a plot and the pretty girls and other actors succeed in making the two acts of the farce highly amusing. The Leslie brothers, in their novelty musical act, were easily the hit of the vaudeville programme, and the Conture contortionists are fine in their wonderful feats and fully earn the applause given them. Misses Cooper and Schall, in a dialogue, singing and dancing turn, are quite pleasing. Scribner's "Morning Glories," present the best show given at the Standard Theater this season. Next week "The Cracker Jacks" will hold the boards.



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Pinaud's Perfumes, reg. 75c and \$1 oz.—this week cut to, oz.....	63c
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Rinaud's Foscarma (very new), reg. \$1 oz.—cut to, oz.....	59c
Rinaud's Lilac de France Toilet Water, reg. 75c.....	57c
M. & L. Florida Water, reg. 75c	45c

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\$5—cut to	32c
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Houbigant's Ideal Sachet, pkg. reg. \$3.50—cut to	\$2.75
Houbigant's Ideal Eau de Toilette, reg. \$4—cut to	3.25
Houbigant's Ideal Face Powder, reg. \$3.50 per box—cut to	2.75
Houbigant's Violette "Ideal" Eau de Toilette, reg. price, \$3.50—cut to	\$3.00

Cigars Retailed at Wholesale Prices.

Landfield Bros. 2 for 25c	
Brevas	9c
Del Monte Brevas—3 for 25c size	5c
Walter Scott, 3 for 25c size, 5c—box of 50	\$1.95
El Toros—4 for	15c
Childs, 3 for 10c—box of 50	5c
Lillian Russells, 5 for 15c—9 for	25c

Get Our Box Prices Before Buying Any Brand.

1804

Even the prophetic Napoleon could scarcely have conceived that in less than a century there would stand on the land he ceded away, a palace (devoted to trade), scarce by less beautiful than those found in his famed capital.

Patent Medicines.

Quinets (cure cold in one day	15c
Piso Cough Cure, reg. 25c	20c
Bell's Pine Tar Honey, reg. 25c—cut to	20c
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, reg. 25c—cut to	20c
Scott's Emulsion, reg. 50c	39c
Bull's Cough Syrup, reg. 25c	20c
King's New Discovery, reg. 50c	42c
Jaynes' Expectorant, reg. 50c	42c
Omega Oil, reg. 50c	42c
Hagee's Cordial, reg. \$1	83c
Hydroleine, reg. \$1	83c
Maltine Preparations, reg. \$1	83c
Gude's Pepto-mangan, reg. \$1	83c
Warner's Safe Cure, reg. \$1	83c
Mother's Friend, reg. \$1	83c
Paine's Celery Comp., reg. \$1	77c
De Lacy's Hair Tonic, reg. \$1	71c
Coke Dandruff Cure, reg. \$1	73c
Hay's Hair Health, reg. 50c	39c
Ayer's Hair Vigor, reg. \$1	67c
Carter's Pills, 25c—cut to 18c, 2 for 35c.	50c
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, reg. 25c	18c
Eupepsia—reg. 50c	42c
Sulphogen—reg. \$1	83c

All drug stores carry a greater or less variety of patent medicines. We carry thousands not to be found anywhere else. We have a demand for all of them. We have been headquarters for patent medicines at cut prices for eighteen years.

At the Soda Fountain

We are now serving Hot Coffees, Hot Chocolates and Teas. With the dainty wafers served with these a delightfully dainty refreshment is made convenient for you. 515 Olive street is just midway between Barr's corner and Scrugg's Olive street entrance.

Complexion Aids

Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream—reg. 50c	33c
Freeman's Face Powder—reg. 25c	17c
R. & G. Violette de Parma Face Powder—reg. 50c	35c
Java Rice Face Powder—reg. 50c	21c
Pozzoni's Face Powder—reg. 50c; cut to	29c

Judge & Dolph's Store

Has been famous for eighteen years for their completeness of stock and reasonable prices. If what you need is not mentioned here, come to the new store, 515 OLIVE STREET. We have it!!

DENTAL GOODS.

Pasteurine Tooth Paste—reg. 25c	9c
Sanitol Tooth Paste—reg. 25c	11c
Dentacura Tooth Paste—reg. 25c	15c
Lyons' Tooth Powder—reg. 25c	12c
Zonweiss' Tooth Paste—reg. 25c	9c
Sozodont Liquid—reg. 25c	19c
Germiletum Tooth Paste—reg. 15c, 8c; 2 for	15c

SCHWAB.

According to William E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record-Herald, Charles M. Schwab is a typical example of the newly rich American who seeks newspaper notoriety through vulgar display. He says: "Of the humblest origin, without education other than that acquired outside of schools, or the polish that comes from contact with men of culture, Mr. Schwab has more vigor than refinement. He fills every room he enters; he 'likes to hear himself talk,' as they say; he is fond of reading his name in the newspapers; is almost as reckless in his extravagance as John Gates; flings his money around as if he were not aware of its

value, and never counts the change; he loves display and seldom fails to let his left hand know all about the transactions of his right. He is temperate in his habits, and free from what are called 'fashionable vices,' but both in Europe and in America he has cut what is usually termed, 'a wide swath,' and has not only got there with both feet, but has boasted of it far and near. At Monte Carlo he made the oldest gamblers shiver at the recklessness of his play; in Paris he astounded the most *blase* observer of the antics of American millionaires, and is said to be the model for the leading character in the opera 'Florodora.' At Vienna he gave the most expensive dinner ever served at that extravagant capital.

The newspapers of every European city were filled with accounts of his doings and sayings, and they sounded familiar to those who have read the story of Monte Cristo. Upon his return to the United States his notoriety was sustained by frequent publications about his luxurious apartments; his sumptuous banquets; his palatial private car; his elaborate preparation for affairs which most men would prefer unnoticed; and for his sensational plunging into all forms of display and extravagance. It was only a few weeks ago, that the newspapers were filled with illustrated descriptions of the magnificent palace he has planned to build on Riverside Drive, New York, which is intended to surpass all private residences in the

world. His life has been a moving picture, always on exhibition, and full of sensational interest."

DESERVED NO SYMPATHY

Mrs. Simpatico: "I am so sorry that your dear uncle, whom you loved so much, is dead."

Mrs. Cutout: "Oh, you needn't be; he didn't leave us a cent, after all the times we had him at our house for dinner, too." *Ohio State Journal.*

♦ ♦ ♦

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

HAD FORGOTTEN HIS EXCUSE

Mrs. Guzzler (as *Guzzler* comes in unsteadily at 3 a. m.): "You have no excuse for coming home at this hour and in this condition."

Guzzler: "I had one, my dear, and it was a dandy, but I can't think what it was."—*Philadelphia Record*.



We claim that our Diamond Stock is unequalled in quality and invite critical examination and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



HAD HIS OWN.—"I never saw any one so *blase* as that English tragedian who just came over. I asked him if he wouldn't like to sit in the observation car and look at the scenery." "And wouldn't he even do that?" "No. He said: 'I've brought over my own scenery, y' know.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.



RULE FOR SUCCESS.—"What is your rule for business—your maxim?" the Wall street baron was asked. "Very simple," he answered; "I pay for something that I can't get, with money I haven't got, and then sell what I never had for more than it ever cost."—*Life*.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



"I hope there will be no mistake in administering these medicines."

"Have no fear, doctor. I am a professional nurse and madam is a professional invalid."—*New York Weekly*.

GERMANIA THEATER,
FOURTEENTH AND LOCUST.
Heinemann and Welb Managers.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1902.

Classical Gala Night.

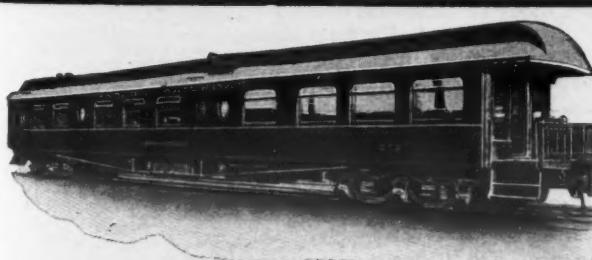
Friedrich von Schiller's Great Drama,

DIE BRAUT VON MESSINA

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12th, 1902,
Gustav von Moser's greatest laughing success,

MIT VERGNUEGEN!

Comedy in Four Acts.
Box office open from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Phone
Kin. C 875.



THE Banner Route TO ALL IMPORTANT CITIES.

It has its own rails between **ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY,**
OMAHA, DES MOINES, TOLEDO, DETROIT,
NIAGARA FALLS and BUFFALO,

All through car lines to **DENVER, NEW YORK and BOSTON.**

LUXURIOUS PARLOR, SLEEPING, DINING, OBSERVATION-
CAFE AND CHAIR CARS COMPOSE ITS TRAINS.



Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive.

THE STANDARD

THIS WEEK,

The Gay Morning Glories.

NEXT WEEK,

CRACKER JACKS

ENGRAVING

100 finest engraved calling cards, with best copper plate, \$1.00; 100 cards engraved from plate, 75c. Also a full line of stationery, gold and fountain pens at

JETT'S BOOK STORE,
806 Olive street.

St. Louis Horse Show,

COLISEUM BUILDING,

November 3 to 8,

Largest and Finest Lot of Horses ever

Witnessed in St. Louis.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,
E. H. SOTHERN,
in Justin Huntly McCarthy's play

If I Were King
Matinee Saturday.

The Success of a Social Gathering is due to

Good Music!

Julius Caesar. A Word to the Wise Is Sufficient.

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,
DE WOLF HOPPER
in the
musical production
Mr. Pickwick.
Matinee Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY,

PRIMROSE &
DOOSTADER'S
MINSTRELS.

Seats Thursday.

ENGAGE

Bromley's Orchestra.

Office: 1413 Chemical Bldg.

Phones: A212, A484, D1653, Tyler 322.

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street prices moved in a leisurely and fairly calm manner in the past week. At no one time was there any special excitement, or rush to buy, or to liquidate. The pools were, apparently, inclined to rest on their oars and to await developments. Uncertainty about this week's elections may have had something to do with the apathetic attitude of speculators and the unwillingness to increase financial burdens. It was generally expected that the Republicans would again secure a majority of the House of Representatives, but this expectation, for some reason or other, did not seem to be very robust. However, it would be useless to discuss political matters at this writing.

By the time this week's *MIRROR* makes its appearance on the street, everything will have been settled and all uncertainty removed. A Republican victory of decisive proportions should lead to a smart little rally, while Democratic success should give us a decline all around. At least, this is what representative Wall street men are looking for.

The New York Associated Banks are once more in a tolerably comfortable position, and the belief is spreading that all danger of a renewal of monetary stringency is past. The close observer of things will not be hasty, however, in arriving at optimistic conclusions. He will remember the occurrences of 1899, and the lessons they taught to a mob of frenzied, shallow-minded speculators. In the fall of that year, the Bank of England, after the outbreak of the Boer conflagration, ran its official rate of discount up to 6 per cent, the highest since 1890. This action was promptly followed by a stiffening of interest rates all over the world. New York had to export gold. For weeks, Wall street was on the ragged edge of a money-pinch, but a few reckless gambling leaders continued to disregard all signs of warning and of coming danger. They kept on buying and buying, and told the public to do likewise, until, at last, the day of reckoning came, when money rose to almost 200 per cent, surplus reserves became invisible, and Mr.

Gage, the then Secretary of the Treasury, had to do what his successor did a few weeks ago. The slaughter of lambs, on December 17, 1899, was something frightful to contemplate. It led to woeful scenes and still more woeful losses. At the present time there is no Boer war, neither is there any prospect that the discount rate of the Bank of England will go up to 6 per cent, but there is something else to arrest our attention and to excite our fears, and that is the greatly overtaxed speculative position in the United States and the strain which it is imposing upon European financial markets.

As has so often been stated in these columns, we are largely indebted to Europe, and this indebtedness is increasing rather than decreasing, judging by international trade statistics. Sterling exchange is, at the present time, abnormally high. Under ordinary conditions, it should be close to the gold-importing point at this time of the year, but, instead of this, it is persistently hugging the gold-exporting point. Efforts are making to prevent shipments of yellow metal in the near future; but it is rather dubious if European demand for our gold can be staved off much longer. Money is tightening in London, Paris and Berlin. The French banks are losing large sums of money, because private depositors are withdrawing funds and hoarding them in old stockings and chimneys. It is intimated that political unrest is responsible for this timidity of depositors in France. In Berlin, Vienna, Frankfort and Amsterdam, conditions call for more money. Loans are expanding right along, and States and municipalities intend to issue bonds to cover expenditures. The Imperial Bank of Germany and the Bank of France reported large loan expansion in the past few weeks, while the Bank of England is trying to obtain gold upon almost any old terms, as long as it does not involve an actual loss on the transaction.

The United States is amply provided with gold. The Federal Treasury holds, in all, over \$606,000,000 of the metal, and could, no doubt, spare, say, \$25,000,000, without inconveniencing itself. Gold ex-

Bankers Trust Company

(ORGANIZING.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Capital Stock to be not less than.....	\$2,000,000.00
Surplus to be not less than.....	\$2,000,000.00
Total Minimum Capital and Surplus.....	\$4,000,000.00

Subscriptions close November 10th, 1902. Stock payments are payable to the National Bank of Commerce, St. Louis, Mo.

C. W. WALL and ROBERT S. DOUBLEDAY, Trustees,
Temporary Offices: 413 HOLLAND BUILDING, St. Louis, Mo.

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - -	\$1,000,000.00
SURPLUS, - - -	\$1,000,000.00

H. A. FORMAN, President. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres.
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S.E.COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

PAYS 2% INTEREST

ON REGULAR CHECK ACCOUNTS.

(Credited Monthly.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS..... \$3,500,000

MISSOURI TRUST BUILDING,
OLIVE AND 7TH STS.Missouri Trust Company
OF ST. LOUIS.

BANKING—

Pays interest 2 per cent on accounts subject to check.

SAVINGS—

Accounts of \$1.00 and upward received; 3 per cent interest paid

TRUSTS—

Acts in all trust capacities, as executor, guardian, administrator, trustee.

SAFE DEPOSIT—

Boxes for rent, \$5.00 per annum.

LAND TITLES—

Examined, certified and guaranteed.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST., ST. LOUIS.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D. B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES., ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

BILLON-CRANDALL-McGEARY

BOND AND STOCK COMPANY.

COMMONWEALTH TRUST BUILDING, ROOMS 208-209-210

Dealers in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for the MIRROR by Billon-Crandall-McGeary Bond and Stock Co., 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 1/4 - 103
Park " 6	A O	April 1, 1905	109 - 110
Property (cur) 6	A O	Apr 10, 1906	10 - 111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	Jun 25, 1907	101 1/4 - 101 1/2
" " 4	A O	Apr 10, 1908	104 - 105 1/2
" " 3 1/2	J D	Dec, 1908	102 1/4 - 103
" " 4	J J	July 1, 1918	111 - 112
" " 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 - 105
" " 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1920	104 - 106
" ster. £1004	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 - 108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/4 - 108 1/2
" " 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/4 - 110
" " 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 - 110
" " 3.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 - 105
" " 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 1/4 - 103
" " 3 1/2	A O	Apr 1, 1920	100% - 101
World's Fair 3 1/2			
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 23,856,277
Assessment			352,521,650

	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/4 - 105 1/2
" 3 1/2	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 1/2 - 104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 - 106
" 4	A O	Apr 1, 1914	104 - 106
" 4 5-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 - 103
" 4 10-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 - 105
" 4 15-20	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 - 105
" 4	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 - 106
" 4 10-20	J D	July 1, 1919	105 - 107
" 4 10-20		June 1, 1920	104 - 106
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1921	101 - 103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	81 - 84
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	107 - 109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 - 106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 - 101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10.	1904	99 - 101 1/2
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	110 - 112
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 - 109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s.	1929	116 - 117
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1830	112 1/2 - 113
Mo Electric 1st 2d 6s	1921	115 - 116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s.	1927	88 - 90
St. Louis Agrl. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94 1/2 - 95
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s.	1919	102 - 102 1/2
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	101 1/4 - 105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Oct. '02, 2 Q	325 - 330
Boatmen's.....	100	June '02, 3 1/2 SA	246 - 247
Bremen Sav.....	100	July '02, 8 SA	325 - 350
Fourth National	100	Nov. '02, 5 SA	350 - 360
Franklin.....	100	June '02, 4 SA	190 - 200
German Savings	100	July '02, 6 SA	395 - 400
German-Amer.	100	July '02, 20 SA	950 - 1000
International.....	100	Sept. '02, 1 1/2 Q	180 - 190
Jefferson.....	100	Oct. '02, 3 Q	230 - 235
Lafayette.....	100	July '02, 10 SA	525 - 575
Manchester Bk.	100	135 -
Mechanic's Nat.	100	Oct. '02, 2 1/2 Q	294 - 297
Merch.-Laclede.	100	Sept. '02, 2 Q	310 - 315
Northwestern.....	100	July '02, 4 SA	180 - 195
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. '02, 2 1/2 Q	394 - 396
South Side.....	100	Nov. '02, 3 SA	141 - 143
Southern com.....	100	July '02, 3 SA	120 - 130
State National.....	100	June '02, 3 SA	210 - 212
Third National.....	100	Oct. '02, 2 Q	330 - 334
Vandeventer Bk.	100	110 - 120

*Quoted 100 for par.

ports would not be relished by Wall street, however. They would be viewed with dismay by those who have bitten off more than they are able to chew. To make matters still worse, this singular and portentous state of our financial relations with Europe is accompanied by a continued flow of currency to the interior. At this time, New York exchange at Chicago and St. Louis is at a good discount, and bankers express the belief that it will continue at a discount a few weeks longer, unless there should be, in the meantime, a sharp advance in interest rates in New York, or a stronger pull from London and Paris. It is a veritable pull-monk-pull-miller state of affairs, and the outcome of it will mean a good deal to Wall street and its outside affiliations.

railway issues appear to be confident of their position, while would-be buyers are holding off on the belief that prices are too high and that, therefore, a reaction should be awaited. Interest rates are a little stiff in St. Louis at the present time, and this is, unquestionably, partly responsible for the lack of speculative activity. With money loaning at 6 per cent, there is no particular inducement to "load up" with stocks that pay only about 3 or 3 1/2 per cent. Interior points are still calling for funds, and local bankers say they experience no difficulty in meeting these demands. Sterling exchange is firmer, and quoted at 4.87 1/2.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

S. S. J.—No; will not change, my opinion about Granite-Bimetallic. There is no inducement to buy this stuff. Silver is dropping and there is no prospect of dividends for years to come. Insiders have been "unloading" for several months. Keep out.

"JACK," Corsicana, Tex.—Would not sacrifice bond mentioned. Hold on to them. As long as they pay their interest, there is no reason why you should drop them as you would a hot potato.

T. F. P.—Better wait. Don't sell after a sharp break. Only "suckers" are doing that. As long as you are in it, you might as well stick it out a little while longer.

"Delphi."—Jefferson Bank pays 6 per cent per annum. The management is very good. The stock is held by strong people.

J. F. R., Platte City, Mo.—Nothing has ever been paid on Central of Georgia second incomes. They are entitled to 5 per cent. Would not advise you to buy at present. Pullman is closely held. It is no margin-stock.

F. F. D.—L. & N. is still on a 5 per cent basis. There is talk, however, that it will be made a 6 per cent stock in January. It is not a safe stock for a small fellow to speculate in.

"Put," Ft. Smith, Ark.—Car & F. preferred is regarded as a fairly good investment. Careful investors are not partial to the common, however.



Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.



Winter tourist rates via Iron Mountain route, on sale October 15th to April 30th, 1903.

16,600 frs.
Awarded at Paris

QUINA-LAROCHE

WINE CORDIAL

Highest recommendations for cure of Poorness of Blood, Stomach troubles and General Debility. Increases the appetite, strengthens the nerves and builds up the entire system.

22 rue Drouot

PARIS

E. Fougera & Co.

Agents, N.Y.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

Receives savings deposits of one dollar or more and issues pass book therefor. Deposits made on or before the third of any month draw interest at 3 per cent per annum from first of such month, credited on the first days of June and December.

REGULATIONS WILL BE FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

OPEN MONDAY EVENINGS UNTIL 7:30.

CRAWFORD'S

When you compare the CRAWFORD Merchandise with others, and note the superior quality of it, and its low and popular price, 'tis no wonder our best judges of goods supply their wants at this store !!

Suits, Jackets and Skirts.

A special importation. See our Show Windows for a fine line of Evening Dresses and Wraps.

Imported Evening Wraps, satin zibeline, trimmed with bands of broadcloth and silk braid, collar of Persian lamb and ermine, 47 inches in length. It is impossible to describe all of these garments, as no two are alike in color or design. If you are looking for something elegant and unique to wear to the Horse Show, see these wraps, worth from \$150 to \$100 each; Special price for this week from..... \$100 to \$32.50

A handsome line of Dress and Walking Suits has just been closed out by us at 50c on the dollar— Regular \$30 Suits for..... \$15.00

These suits will not last long at the price, so come early and secure a genuine bargain.

Special Bargains in Desirable Dress Goods for This Week.

46-inch Zibeline Suitings in Oxford, green mixtures and plum mixtures; Special Price this week.....	59 cts
We consider this the best value of the season.	
40 pieces of fine Twilled Black Broadcloth, regular \$1.25 quality; Special Price for this week.....	98 cts
54-inch Snow Flake Suiting, all wool; Special Price for this week.....	69 cts
47-inch all-wool Basket Canvas and Shark Skin Suitings, all new weaves; Special Price for this week.....	98 cts
54-inch all-wool Coronation Suiting, in the most desirable shades, worth \$1.25; Special Price for this week.....	95 cts

Mattresses and Pillows.

In Furniture Department
on Third Floor.

Do You Need a Mattress?

Frank Shantz & Co., Hamilton, Ohio, the well-known bedding manufacturers, have decided to give up the making of all bedding, except their celebrated felt mattresses, and have ordered their St. Louis agency at 117 N. Main street to close out all other makes. CRAWFORD'S long established reputation as a handler of big deals, made them the recipient of the first offer, which, of course, was promptly accepted, and they will place on sale this week, A CAR LOAD of Cotton Combination Mattresses, that is, cotton on both sides, around the edges and in the middle, all covered in splendid wearing ticks; in fact, a mattress that always sells for \$4.50, will be sold for the price of a common excelsior cotton top, namely..... \$2.50

Also 1,000 pairs all-feather pillows, warranted odorless, in best A. C. A. ticks—Pillows that never sold for less than \$1—will be closed out at per pair..... 65c

UPHOLSTERY DEP'T.

This section of the Great Store is now fairly a-sparkle with the new, bright, beautiful, refined and sought-for things of the season. Lovely Lace Curtains, Rich Portieres, Graceful Draperies—a truly magnificent, incomparable stock that can't help but please the most exacting. We append a few price facts for Horse Show week that will plainly show how surely Crawford's leads in the lowest prices.

2,000 pairs Scotch, Brussels effect and Saxony Curtains. This beautiful lot of goods we bought from a manufacturer going out of business at almost our own prices. They are all new patterns in dainty lace or French guipure effects, 3½ yards long, all with the overlocked edges.

\$1.50 Curtains for..... 95c pair \$3.50 Curtains for..... \$2.25 pair
\$2.25 Curtains for..... \$1.25 pair \$4.50 Curtains for..... \$3.25 pair

1,000 pairs Ruffled Swiss Curtains—3 and 3½ yards long. 75c Curtains for 50c pair. \$1.00 Curtains for 85c pair. \$1.75 Curtains for \$1.25 pair.

450 pair Portieres, all beautiful goods and the very latest styles and patterns—a great many of these are in rich brocades and repp goods, with the new up-to-date borders.

\$4.50 Portieres for \$3.25 pair. \$6.75 Portieres for \$4.50 pair. \$9.00 Portieres for \$6.75 pair. \$11.50 Portieres for \$8.75 pair. \$14.00 Portieres for \$10.00 pair.

SILKS

Yama Mai Silk, now the most popular in St. Louis for skirts and trimming—60 shades to select from, black and white inclusive; 50c yard all over the country—Special Price for this week, yd.....	39c
(SOLE AGENTS FOR THIS SILK)	
20-inch All-Silk Liberty Satin, in all shades—75c quality—Special Price, this week.....	59c
20-inch French Peau de Soie; cannot match it for \$1.29 a yard—Special Price, for this week.....	98c
24-inch Black Peau de Soie, from auction—\$2.25 quality—Special Price, for this week.....	\$1.35
We can give you the best Black Taffeta Silk, wear guaranteed; cannot be matched for 70c, at, yard.....	59c

LINENS.

Second only to the great Horse Show this week will be Crawford's display of Linens. Sample quotations are:

50 all linen open work Table Sets, cloth, 8-10, one dozen napkins to match, floral designs, worth \$5.50, special for this week, per set..... \$4.19

Full bleached all linen Scotch Table Damask, extra heavy and in choice patterns, worth 69c yard, special for this week, yard..... 50c

500 Fringed Dresser Scarfs in red or blue centers, size 16x38 in., worth 25c, special for this week..... 15c

D. Crawford & Co.,

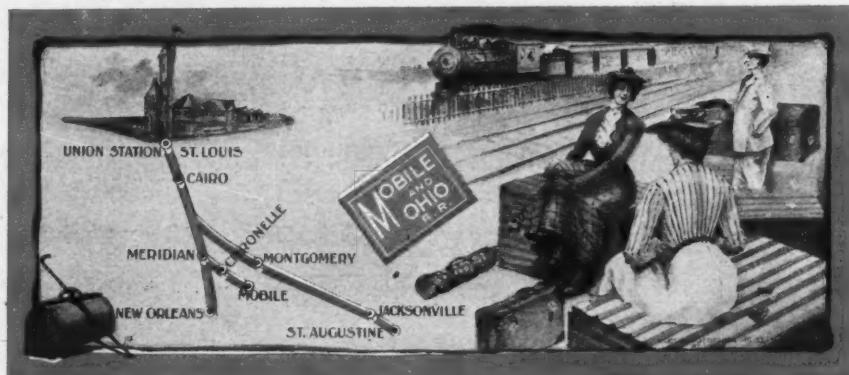
WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

The Mirror

DINING CARS



ALL MEALS
ALL TRAINS
LA CARTE
ALL THE WAY
ALL THE TIME.



THROUGH SLEEPERS
between
ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS
and
ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE.

The Mirror

Texas-Bound

In the Fall and Winter months, as the tide of travel sets Southward, one naturally feels some interest in the selection of a quick and comfortable route. The



Operates Fast Limited Trains to the prominent business centers of Oklahoma and Texas—trains lighted by electricity, and provided with Cafe Observation Cars, under the management of Fred Harvey.

THERE'S NO BETTER ROUTE.

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